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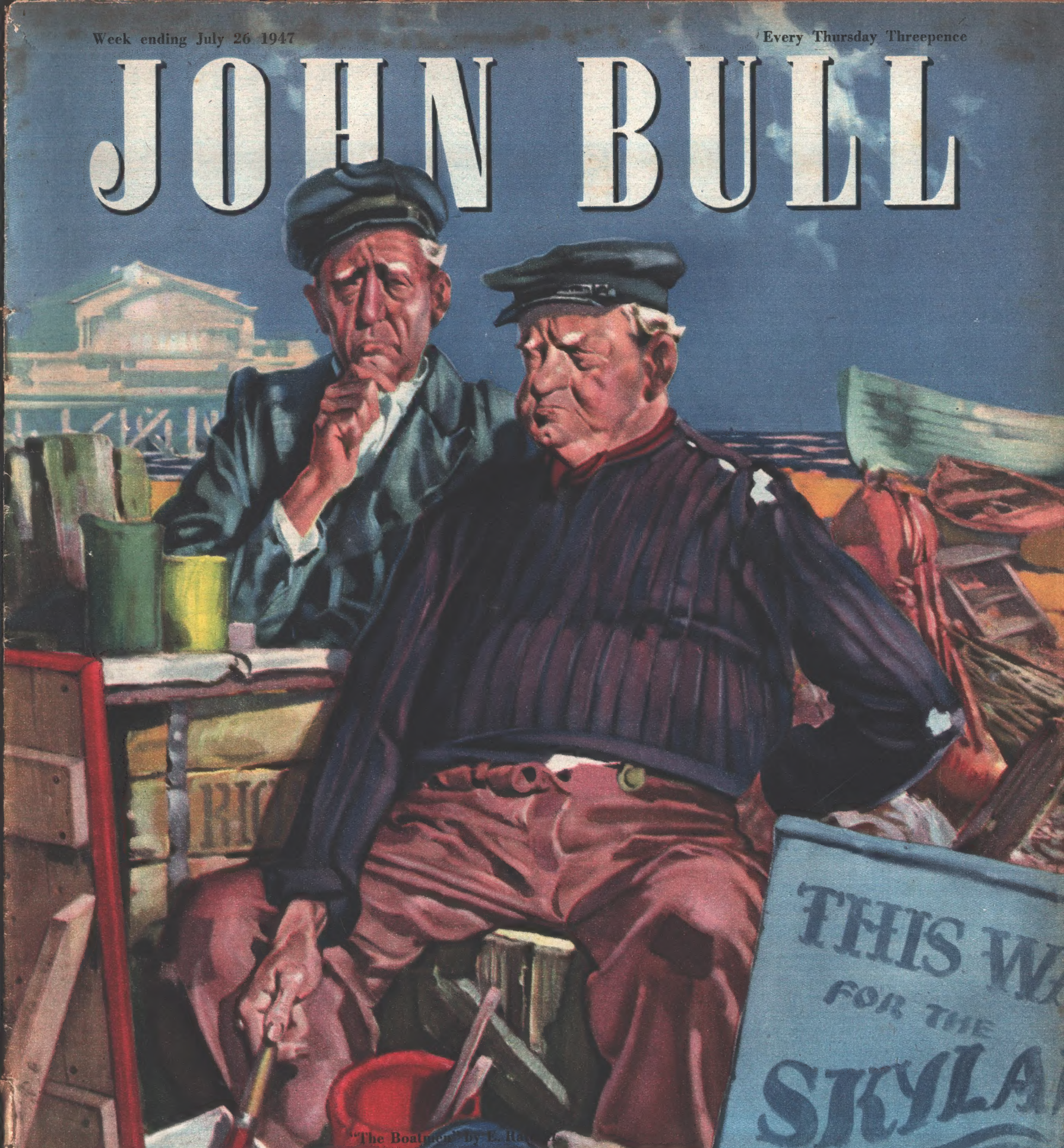

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JULY 26, 1947 VOL. 82 NO. 2143

Cut Our Export Prices—

WE'VE GOT TO EXPORT—OR DIE. But reports flowing in from every part of the globe tell one story—that the great sellers' market has passed its peak. Buyers are becoming choosey, are having more and more say in what they want — and at what price.

Prices of almost all our imports have been rising steeply. The prices of our exports have been going up, but not quite so rapidly. Now we have got to stop the rise in our prices.

Far too many British manufacturers cannot, or will not, see beyond their noses. Evidence is piling up to that effect. They are taking a great deal too much profit on exports.

By no means all of the general increase in prices is due to higher wages and more costly raw materials, although that is the current alibi of some of our more purblind exporters.

Profits on many export articles are out of all reasonable proportion.

They must be reduced at once. If manufacturers persist in cutting their own throats, the Government must step in and stop them. A large part of the world prefers British goods—but only at reasonable prices. It is time Sir Stafford Cripps talked bluntly to exporters.

Beat Our Holiday Sharks—

ANOTHER, AND HAPPIER, sort of "buyers' strike" has been occurring at home. The holiday rush is on, but the holiday racket is nearly off.

High prices asked by some seaside hotels and boarding houses are keeping the customers away. Resorts report more day trippers and fewer visitors who come to stay.

That is what the sharks have done for their industry. Last year they made the most of the first full holiday season after the war.

Some of them must today be regretting their greed. Nobody else is regretting their discomfiture.

But it is a bad thing that the people of Britain, who need a good holiday in these arduous times, should be frightened of having one. People who do an honest year's work in industry or in the house deserve the holiday of their choice at a price they can afford.

How is this to be ensured, without elaborate interference by the Government? Let every seaside resort compile a register of inspected hotels and boarding-houses, classify them according to merit, and introduce an agreed scale of charges. The same method could be applied to entertainments, excursions, and restaurant meals.

This sort of communal scheme, guaranteeing visitors real value for their holiday savings, would make the fortune of any seaside town which had the enterprise to adopt and publicise it.

Backsliders among hotel keepers and landladies who tried to keep up the old private tactics would soon be forced to come in—and behave themselves.

Their one stock argument, that August profits must be made to pay for the rest of the year, is losing its force. A start has been made in staggering holidays in industry. And the rigid system of school vacations—which has dictated the travels of family parties—looks like being shaken up.

JOHN BULL also notes another piece of holiday sharp practice. Mushroom travel agencies taking a huge rake-off on bookings for hotels and tours. We recommend that one to the attention of the Travel Association—which has so far little constructive achievement to show for itself.

Know Our "Own" Germans—

THAT GERMAN PRISONERS of war should be free to share very largely in the life of Britain was a wise and sensible decision.

We would still rather see them all sent home.

But there are objections, both here and in Germany. Some of the men will have to stay until the end of next year. That will be three and a half years after the end of the six years war between Britain and Germany. It would be stupid and inhuman to go on treating these men like criminals for another eighteen months.

Very few are professed Nazis, and the incorrigibles are still to be shut up tight in special camps. We can't go on blaming the ordinary German, in his brown and green uniform, for the ruins of our cities and the shattering of our economy—even though his docility did make it possible for the Nazis to wreak their will on the world.

We might as well start right away to regard the Germans in our midst as human beings who may or may not be likeable. There's no need for a sentimental frenzy of compassion, of course. But since we have to live in the same world with these misguided and beaten men, and since we want them to admire and imitate our way of life, we must give them the chance to try it and find it good.

There are still in Britain more than a quarter of a million German war prisoners. We have a fine chance, under the relaxed regulations, of sending back to Germany quite a few keen ambassadors for our own kind of civilization.

And Stop This Silly Talk!

WHENEVER A NOTABLE event, such as the betrothal of Princess Elizabeth, occurs in the life of the court, the grumblers get going—without bothering in the least to examine the logic of their own position.

Britain *is* a monarchy. Its King *is* the symbol of national and imperial unity. The Crown *does* perform a valuable constitutional function. Each of the people of Royal blood *does* perform a great deal of work in this respect.

And the work itself requires that Royalty be maintained in dignity.

The money and the other privileges which Parliament confers on Royalty are not given to individuals for their own enjoyment, but to State functionaries to enable them to fill their special sort of role.

And—as JOHN BULL's account of the training of Princess Elizabeth, on this week's centre page, points out—we earn dividends, in foreign trade, and in publicity and goodwill from our expenditure on Royalty.

The grumblers must face the fact that, if they don't like paying for Buckingham Palace and the Princesses' frocks, they should openly advocate abolishing the monarchy. And how many of them would be prepared to do that?

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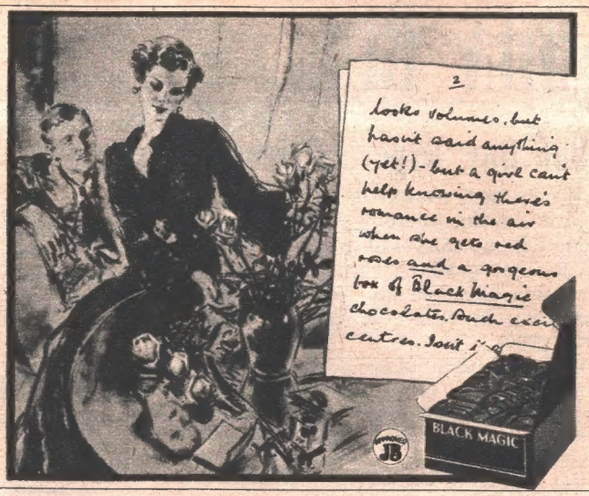
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looks volumes, but hasn't said anything (yet!) - but a girl can't help knowing there's romance in the air when she gets red roses and a gorgeous box of Black Magic chocolates. Such exciting centres. Must i...
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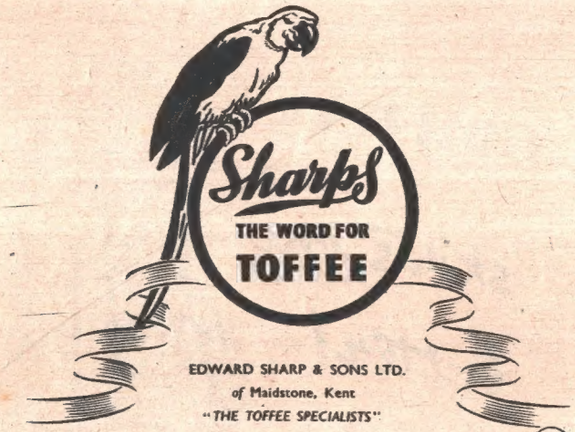

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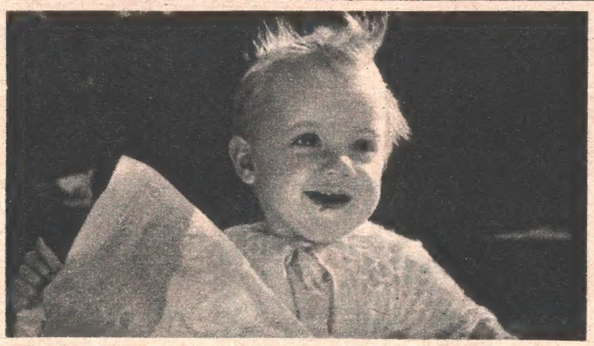

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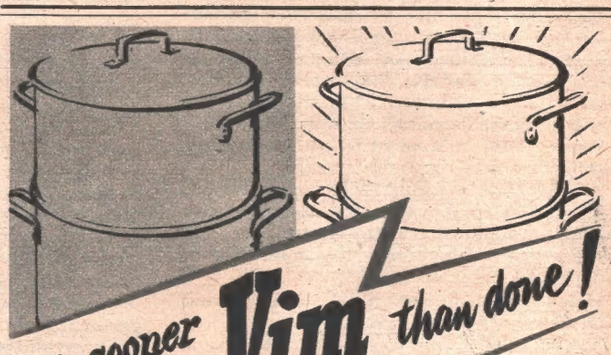

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INSIDE THE "NEXT WAR" SCARE ZONE

KETCHIKAN, ALASKA

by ROLAND WILD

America is pouring men and materials into Alaska. It's a gold rush which aims at control of an area that might be strategically vital if war came

THE DAKOTA, FOUR HOURS out from Edmonton, Alberta, touches down at Ladd Field, Fairbanks, Alaska, and thirty-three huskies from American engineering colleges drag their gear on to one of the world's biggest airports. The men have completed in less than a day a journey that once took three months—for adventurers only.

They are a small company of the 2,500 flown north this summer to extend these runways to three miles for super-super bombers; to build the 470 mile, £20,000,000 railroad from Fairbanks to the Pacific coast; to build the new concrete barracks at Elmendorf Field; or to earn some of the £3,500,000 the U.S. Navy is spending on defences on craggy treeless islands in the bleak waters between Alaska and Soviet Russia.

At the same moment twenty families were starting off on the 1,600 miles of dust of the fabulous Alaska Highway, on which I travelled for five days to Whitehorse in the Yukon, boom town of the north-western war scare.

And here, in Alaska's fourth town of fish canneries, slum-living Indians, and thirty-seven day-and-night bars, the four ships a week are unloading prospectors, miners, a few gamblers, pilots and the inevitable mystery man with a few thousand dollars to make into a million.

"Handle with Care"

It's the new gold rush in the north-west, and the greatest. The old-timers are rubbing their eyes again at the girls stepping off the boats from Seattle and San Francisco. The freight clerks unconcernedly check through the "fragile" packages containing new roulette wheels.

Into these growing towns on the Pacific Coast of British Columbia, the eggs and ice cream still come by rail 1,000 miles from Edmonton, milk comes 500 miles by boat from Vancouver, and new cars stand nose-in to wooden sidewalks though there is only a strip of dirt road ten miles in either direction. But the money's there all right, in silver dollars.

And the toast in the bars and the "blind pigs" for illegal drinking is a strange one; the new gold-diggers are raising their clinking glasses to "Joe Stalin, Alaska's Best Friend."

When statesmen, soldiers, sailors and defence chiefs are heard saying the same thing about the next war, the adventurers and the contractors are fairly quick on the draw, with plans for new hotels, cement mixers, housing sites, discreet little *maisons* for the successors to Diamond Lil, and other necessities of existence.

The Generals Speak

When Canada's Defence Minister, back in 1946, said: "We have to think in terms of defending ourselves on Canadian soil," the bush pilots bought new planes for ducking in and out of ravines, ski-landing at sixty below zero, and hitching the odd case of rye whisky for a profit of £50 on twelve bottles.

When General Carl Spaatz, U.S. Army Air Forces Commander, said: "If our defences are to be between us and the enemy, they must be on the Arctic Frontier," and General F. F. Worthington, G.O.C. of Canada's western defence said: "This is it!" then the newspapermen of America began buying parkas, the fleece-lined hoods of the north, and Alaska gave out with propaganda once more to become the forty-ninth State of the Union.

"Canada will be fairly in the nutcracker in the atom war against major American cities," said Admiral G. C. Jones, Canadian Chief of Naval Staff, before his death. "The interests of Canada and the U.S.A. are one," said President Truman, once rumoured to be on a visit to Alaska this summer.

"The Truman doctrine is one of aggression against Canada in the north," said *Pravda*. "The presence of U.S. troops on Canadian soil will mean the addition of nine new stars to the Stars and Stripes." (Canada's nine provinces.)

Is the north-west to be the next Belgium? This is a fantastic question as far as area is concerned. Alaska is twice as big as Texas, one-fifth as big as the rest of the U.S.A.; the Yukon and north-west territories are one and a half million square miles.

In Alaska there are but 90,000 human beings. About half are Eskimo and Indian, stricken with the highest tuberculosis rate in the world and practically ignorant of medical treatment. The death rate in the U.S.A. is forty in 100,000; in Alaska it is 360. An invader would be taking over a barren, almost impenetrable land where all the wealth is hidden deep below glacier or primeval forest.

Into Alaska the Americans poured 1,000 million dollars during the war years; they plan to continue the flow. In all estimates for projects above the Canadian border there is something of the financial atmosphere of the old gold rush days in which my friend, Mike Mahoney, the famous "Klondike Mike," made two fortunes before he learned to read and write.

Thus the "isolation money" paid to an American officer is £300 a year on top of his £1,100 basic pay, plus board and keep; the cook is going to get £100 a month or know the reason why, and a bearded youth from Illinois who has just joined the boat I'm on now is quitting Alaska because he got only eight shillings an hour for light manual labour.

Oil-Line Looters

The wages given on Union steamships sailing, strikes permitting, out of Seattle run to £100 a month for a messboy and £150 a month for the cook, but both characters will turn round in re-buttal and state for the record that (1) it's cold in winter, and (2) the price of whisky is truly shocking to sensitive natures.

The scale of things in the north is also seen in the pilfering of the Canol, war's costliest engineering manoeuvre. Canol was the oil line that snaked across the mountains from the wells to an imported refinery at Whitehorse that itself cost twenty-five million dollars. The looting from the pipeline has

cost the United States so far about a hundred million dollars—and the big operators say they have only just begun work on the piles of good pipe, rusting barges, and crated jeeps.

There was another pointer to the high-flown financial thinking of the Alaskan: when Jim Bernadotte, something of a bum, got his pocket picked in Ketchikan last week, it wasn't for nickels. They took 400 dollars from the back pocket of his dirty jeans.

Though there are attempts to prove that all this new activity in Alaska is due to peaceful enterprises, mention has only been made of a new pulp mill and some new oil wells.

But Fairbanks has jumped in population in the last few months from 3,500 to more than 7,000, Anchorage is up from 3,500 to 14,000, Whitehorse in the Yukon is adding another three storeys to its clapboard hotel, and even in Prince Rupert, well down the coast, where the Americans massed 30,000 men for the Aleutians, they are banking on another boom.

The U.S. War Department makes small attempt to play down the magnitude of the new defence programme; it has become a little cynical these days, stating that even if the troops *were* building for pure amusement they would not be believed.

Russians Suspected a "Blind"

A U.S. general said: "You ought to know. When Canada took a mixed party up to Churchill to see that there were only 150 U.S. soldiers around, the Russians looked, noted, and didn't believe. They thought it was a blind. And anyway there were enough Russians in Alaska and Yukon during the war for them to know pretty well what is going on today."

The general was referring to the strange situation when a Russian mission of 1,000 officers and men visited their neighbours, and when Russian flyers came over the short hop of fifty-four miles to the Alaskan coast to take delivery of 15,000 combat planes in Fairbanks, Nome and Galena. The U.S. flyers were not permitted to fly them into Russia, the last 400 miles, and during the whole of the war lengthy negotiations were necessary to get even top statesmen into Russia by the "back door."

The Russians made a lot of friends in the hard-drinking, high-spending army towns where a man was as good as his hundred dollar bill. They bought large quantities of perfume and outsize brassieres, which were perhaps the only valuables they took back besides the planes. But they had a good look at the big north-west, and they know what muskeg and forest means.

Bill Baker of the *Ketchikan Chronicle* here puts under the masthead of his daily paper the slogan: "He who holds Alaska holds the world." That saying is being quoted here pretty often today, and there is also a big run on a surprising map of the north country which shows Alaska reaching out westwards from Canada towards the huge mass of the U.S.S.R., with only the narrow Bering Strait, just twice the width of the straits of Dover, between the Stars and Stripes and the Hammer and Sickle.

Now that Alaska has thirty big airports for the D.C.4s which do the major haulage business and for the 600 registered commercial planes, the Soviets are probably looking back with some asperity on the memory of the man who sold the place for a couple of million pounds only eighty years ago.

In Alaskan terms, that is chicken feed. And here, in the peculiar-shaped Alaskan Panhandle that reaches down south beside the borders of the Yukon, you get some idea of the smallness of the sum and the hugeness of its importance to the world when you watch the boats come in, the planes slide down on to the immense runways, and the adventurers walk down the gangways and the ladders on what may be their biggest gamble.

This may be the most important place in the world at this moment. That fact has its reaction on human behaviour in a still-primitive land. But I am going to say something about that in another piece next week.

U.S. Task Force "Frigid" tries out a self-propelled 155-mm. Howitzer on the edge of the Arctic Circle. Now Alaska is being called "the future Belgium"

Let's end this rent cheating

by GORDON CUMMINGS

While the Government hesitates, speculators continue to exploit the housing shortage. Wider powers now would enable tribunals to clip the wings of the rent racketeers

JUST OVER TWO YEARS AGO—in April, 1945—fourteen men and a woman decided they had found the answers to a certain urgent problem the Government had asked them to consider. Their "brief" was something along these lines:

"Rents asked for houses and flats are, in many cases, much too high. Many landlords are using the housing shortage as a lever with which they can lift rents to any level they please. How can we effectively control rents? Please report."

The fourteen men and one woman eventually submitted their opinion, which became known as the Ridley Report on Rent Control. Their views might be summarized as follows:

"Let us set up rent tribunals to fix fair rents for furnished and unfurnished houses, and for sub-let parts of rent-controlled houses.

"Let us see to it that controlled houses, when converted into flats, remain rent-controlled.

"We must forbid the offering or demanding of premiums of all kinds.

"Local authorities must register all rent-restricted properties and all rents fixed by tribunals.

"The present chaotic and overlapping mass of statutes must be replaced by one comprehensive Act of Parliament.

"England and Wales must follow Scotland's example in establishing control of all furnished lettings."

The Ridley Report was doubtless considered by the Ministry of Health and the Department of Health for Scotland.

Two Years' Delay

But more than two years after, the only practical sequel to these recommendations has been the setting up of rent tribunals to assess fair rents for furnished homes—a result which the committee (it included as a member Charles Key, who is today Minister of Works) would probably rate as no higher than a mere nibble at the main problem.

This feeble response to the Ridley Report has been excused by the Government on the plea that legislation needed to bring rent control up to date remains too complicated to be tackled until other "more urgent" legislation has been disposed of.

Superficially the excuse seems reasonable: the laws relating to property and rent *are* complicated. But, in practice, there is nothing to prevent the Government from starting a determined campaign to check the activities of property speculators who are making a great deal of money out of homeless people unable to wait until reasonable accommodation becomes available.

Since the issue of the Ridley Report, profits from

Members of Paddington's Rent Tribunal inspect a flat before fixing a fair rent. But they can only give three months' security of tenure, and have no power to deal with unfurnished property

the letting of furnished, unfurnished or converted property, have soared dizzily.

This source of easy money has attracted buyers keen to take over from the old-fashioned type of landlord who merely wanted a fair rent for fair accommodation. And, in almost every instance, exploitation then proceeds within the comfortably elastic limits of the law.

They're Within the Law

Thousands of pounds are being made from the conversion of large houses into flats which are then offered at high rents and exorbitant premiums. Out of many, I pick one example.

A speculator bought a four-storeyed house in Central London for £10,000, spent slightly under £2,000 in converting it into four flats (he had obtained a licence for this from the borough council) and then demanded not merely premiums which totalled the £10,000 he paid for the property, but let the flats at rents totalling £1,500 on twenty-one years leases. Which means he has recovered all but about £2,000 of his investment and is assured of a gross return of £1,500 for each of the next twenty-one years.

This case, extreme though it is, indicates the scale of profits that can be made out of property speculation *within the law;* it is one explanation why renting a decent home has never been more costly or difficult than it is today.

Other ways of complying with the law while making big money out of the homeless have been devised:

Purchase of furniture or fittings at many times their present value is being made a condition of getting a home at controlled rent; controlled houses are being divided into flats and rooms so that the total rents are far greater than the rent of the whole house; non-controlled premises—such as garages—are being offered at high rents as a condition of obtaining a house at controlled charge; "dummy" sales to tenants are made—these, in fact, are no more than devices to obtain premiums or excessive rents; and sometimes the speculator gets a quantity of cheap furniture, puts it into unfurnished houses or flats and so takes them out of rent control.

Naturally, when a speculator obtains non-controlled property, there is practically nothing except the tenant's capacity to pay which can limit his rent demands. That is why rents for non-controlled property have risen two, three and four times and are additionally being coupled with leases of seven, fourteen or twenty-one years.

Big houses in "smart" districts are being turned into furnished service flats—the black market finds a way to provide labour and material for conversion and furnishing—and are being taken at rents up to twenty-five guineas a week.

In normal times, this sort of thing would not last very long. But local authorities, try as they will, cannot hope to meet the demand for houses. Families get tired of trudging from place to place in search of reasonable accommodation. A man must have a place to live, fairly near his work. So tenants agree to terms and leases they know are exorbitant and unfair.

Case of an Ex-Serviceman

I know an ex-Serviceman and his wife who made out fairly well in a furnished room until a baby was on the way. He has to live near his work in Central London. He and his wife looked at plenty of empty flats in newly converted houses, but all were too expensive.

Time, however, was on the landlord's side. Just before the baby was born they took a three-roomed flat in a newly converted house on a fourteen years' lease at £350 a year rent; they handed over the whole of their savings of £1,000 as a premium. Once the baby was born, they found that the rent was taking most of their income; it became a struggle to live. They also found that over the road a flat exactly similar to theirs was let at 35s. a week controlled rent.

Soon contracts like this man's, concluded in desperation and the hope that somehow things may work out, become intolerable burdens. War gratuities and savings do not last for ever and wages have a way of staying put. The only person not to suffer will be the landlord who, protected by the terms of an excessive lease, knows he can always demand the present high rent, no matter how much easier the housing situation may become.

The rent tribunals—solitary result of the Ridley Report—have done grand work in their first year of work. Thousands of profiteers have been compelled to reduce the rents they charge. But tribunal members know better than anyone else that if their powers could be extended to cover all types of lettings, then a great deal of injustice, at present beyond their control, could quickly be ended.

Control all Tenancies

That is where the Government might act to enforce, if not every detail of the Ridley recommendations, at least its most urgent clauses.

A long step forward would be to give the rent tribunals power to fix fair rents for all houses and flats, whether let under new or old tenancies, furnished or unfurnished. These rents should then be registered at local town halls. The tribunals are crying out for more work.

Landlords should be deprived of the power to give notice to tenants once the tribunals have fixed fair rents. At the moment tenants can be ejected three months after they have carried their case to a tribunal.

Tribunals should also be given the power to fix a fair rent on any house or flat *before* the agreement is completed. Side by side with this, they should be empowered to fix a fair value on any fittings or furniture offered as a condition of getting a home. Leases should be limited to three years, and premiums made illegal.

Additionally, local authorities should be given greater powers to requisition properties and to let them at rents which would give the landlord a fair—but no more than a fair—return for his capital outlay. The local body could employ its own agents to supervise any conversion and manage all requisitioned property.

Another method of side-tracking the speculator would be to withhold licences for conversion work until proof was produced that the converted flats were to be let at reasonable rent.

There is a school of thought which says: "Ah well, it will all right itself in the end when more houses are built." But why should the public have to be exploited by property speculators even for a temporary period? The longer things are allowed to drift, the more families will tie themselves to pay excessive rents for abnormal periods.

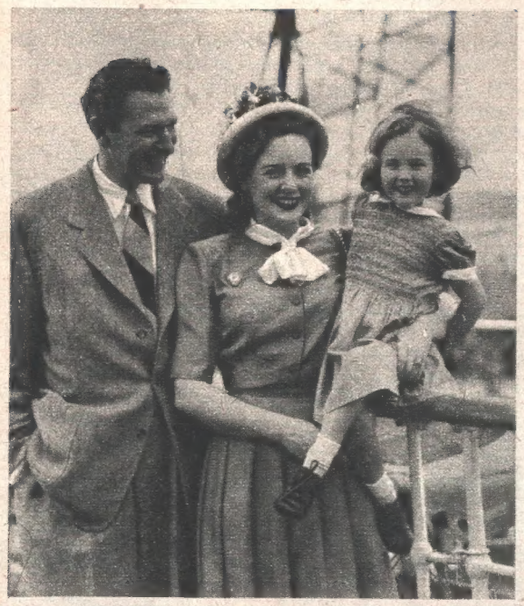
I do not pretend that my suggestions provide the complete answer to a problem which weighs most heavily on middle-income groups, the people who find it difficult to qualify for council-built houses or the usual type of requisitioned property.

But at least these proposals have one important advantage. *Property experts to whom I have spoken see no sound reasons why they should not be given the power of law immediately.*

Let's have action now, not after more millions have been poured into the pockets of the rent cheats.

Aneurin Bevan must fish the Ridley Report out of its pigeon-hole, blow off the dust, and take a second look—a *hard* look this time. He'll get all the support he needs. Too many M.P.s have been in the same boat as the public not to be eager to put things right.

Private View of Phyllis Calvert



FOUR-ROLE STAR

PHYLLIS CALVERT'S recent departure for America has given the impression that yet another British star is lost to Hollywood. This is not so. She is returning later to make a film for the highest bidder—probably Korda.

She likes making British films, now so rapidly being identified as hand-made against the Hollywood mass-produced article, but she's realistic about the necessity of increasing her popularity in America.

Of every year, four months will be spent in America and eight in England. Her garden has been planned to blossom in the autumn, and that is when she intends coming home to enjoy it.

Freelancing as a movie star, you need to be tough. Phyllis Calvert has this quality. She acquired it the hard way—trouping, with years of work and discomfort, and the necessity of having to look her best and smile her prettiest over an obstacle course that eliminates all but the fittest.

To make it all the more difficult, Phyllis Calvert had her sciatica. Once, as a girl, she had dived into a swimming pool and hurt her back. Life on the road did not help. The pain dogged her for years.

Meet a trouper and you'll spot her right away. Having graduated through a school that curves off rough edges, hardens a sweet girl or mellows a tough one, Phyllis Calvert is a fighter, a go-getter and a sound business woman. She's confident, and she knows where she's going.

She was born Phyllis Hannah Bickle, the daughter of a builder, and learned the first steps of dancing in a theatrical school. She found herself, at fifteen, one of the June Dancers, who performed sporadically at the Coliseum and Alhambra.

Then, after a couple of small parts, Phyllis joined Roy Limbert's Malvern Theatre Players to study for a season to gain experience; she earned 2s. 6d. a week.

To live, Phyllis borrowed £75. She was seventeen. After three years she was earning £4 a week, and she had paid back the £75.

A Woman's Privilege at the Kingsway in April, 1939, was Phyllis Calvert's first West End break. She followed in *Punch Without Judy* at the Embassy, Swiss Cottage. The play ran for only a week, but a Gainsborough talent scout saw it. Phyllis was screen tested and eventually cast with Will Fyffe in *They Came By Night*.

But Phyllis hadn't quite finished with *Punch Without Judy*. Noel Coward saw it and caused a flutter by coming backstage. With his congratulations, he offered parts in both his plays, *Present Laughter* and *This Happy Breed*. She accepted. But war broke out and the plays had to be shelved.

Reading her part in *Punch Without Judy*, Phyllis Calvert met another member of the cast, Peter Murray Hill, a repertory actor, slightly different from the others; lanky, loose-limbed, a Cambridge man. They fell in love and married. Old friends are still bewildered by the change that followed.

From an itinerant player and a streamlined career girl, she veered round to the very opposite. She acquired a home and dogs and garden furniture. In due course she had a baby, Ann Auriol, now four and a half.

Her life ever since has been a search for the right adjustment, in which four important factors claim all her attention—her husband, her daughter, her career and her home.

The Murray Hills are a union of unlikes. He is a scholar, the scion of an erudite family. Her schooldays were embarrassingly short. She can't spell simple words; this is a family joke. Once, writing to Peter's mother, Phyllis spelt "rotten" as "rotton." Now, whenever they use the word, Mrs. Murray Hill, Senior, pronounces it "rot-on."

Murray Hill's approach to the theatre is academic; he's involved in the study of drama as an art form and treats it aesthetically. Phyllis's is anything but that, yet it has a zest and appetite all mixed up with the smell of grease paint, the hot glare of footlights, the mustiness of piled-up props and the memory of good times on the road. Phyllis is sentimental about the theatre. Away from it she's homesick.

They have acted together in two films—*Madonna of the Seven Moons* and *They Were Sisters*. Though their interests seem to diverge now, they do manage to live together most of the time. Having turned a hobby into an obsession, Peter Murray Hill has now become a dealer and a recognized authority on books of the eighteenth century.

Phyllis Calvert's way of life then, outside of the studios, is that of the wife of a collector of old books. A dealers' convention is the only social event that can induce in him the flicker of a thrill. She goes with him, but only for the ride. On the other hand, when Phyllis goes to Hollywood, her husband accompanies her and has a wonderful time.

ESSENTIALLY, Phyllis is simple and direct, and her domestic ties are indestructible. She wears no nail varnish, her make-up is not elaborate and her clothes have common sense. She eats anything and smokes as she eats, maybe four cigarettes with a meal.

When filming in London the family lives in a Chelsea flat. They entertain at Les Ambassadeurs and spend Sunday mornings at their local, holding pint glasses. But whenever possible they find their way to Painswick in the Cotswolds. It is an eighteenth-century house, furnished and decorated in that period, with walls three feet thick and tall sash windows facing south over a wooded valley.

Something is usually missing when an actress hasn't had her name in lights. Phyllis Calvert hasn't. Perhaps it was an unsatisfied longing for that sort of fame that made her speak too soon, one day at Luton market, as she stood at a haberdashery stall buying a zip. A woman who had been staring nudged her companion and said, "Cor! Don't she look like Phyllis Calvert?"

"As a matter of fact," Phyllis Calvert said, smiling with gratification, "I am Phyllis Calvert!"

"'Ark at 'er!" the woman said, very amused. "Says she's Phyllis Calvert! I bet she'd like to be."

DENNIS HOLMAN

Talking Points About MAGISTRATES

MAGISTRATES ARE UNPAID JUDGES appointed by the King; that is, in practice, by the Prime Minister in consultation with the Lord Lieutenant of each county, who is assisted by an advisory committee. The main qualification is character. It has been held in a court of law not to be slanderous to say that a magistrate is ignorant of the law, because he is not supposed in fact to know it. Advice to the Bench on points of law is the job of the magistrates' clerk.

★ ★ ★

There are about 20,000 magistrates (Justices of the Peace) in Britain, functioning at 1,000 courts before which close on 1,000,000 cases are tried annually. Towns of more than 25,000 population may appoint a stipendiary magistrate; that is, a paid lawyer. At present only nineteen towns have stipendiaries.

★ ★ ★

Since Justices have to serve in work-day hours without payment, they are usually rich and old. In a group of magistrates surveyed in 1938, 2,444 were under 54; 3,022 were between 60 and 69; and 368 were between 75 and 89. The suggested age of retirement is now 70.

★ ★ ★

At Bath last March, Enid Hingston, twenty-seven years old clerk at an engineering works, was appointed a magistrate—youngest, it is thought, in England. J. Allon Tucker, oldest J.P. in Bath, was then eighty-one.

★ ★ ★

No parson, publican or pawnbroker may be a magistrate. Rechabites, whose oath compels them to oppose all alcoholic liquors, are also in theory ineligible as magistrates, though several have been appointed.

★ ★ ★

The duties of J.P.s have increased considerably of late. *Stone's Justices' Manual*, their standard guide, could once be slipped into the waistcoat pocket, now consists of 2,920 pages. The Magistrates' Association has this year instituted a correspondence course by which Justices can acquire legal knowledge. An intelligence test has been suggested for magistrates.

★ ★ ★

Rural benches in particular are criticized. Recently H. B. Laity, retired farmer, told the Public Health Committee at Truro that the fines inflicted by Cornish magistrates for watering milk were so small that it paid farmers to continue the watering. Justice seems to vary from Bench to Bench. In one Essex district thirty per cent of offenders were placed on probation; in a similar district of the same county, the figure was nine per cent.

In two Lancashire districts the percentages were thirty-one and seven.

★ ★ ★

During 1946 there were forty appeals against one magistrate's decisions. Four sentences were quashed, in seven instances a fine was substituted for imprisonment, two offenders were bound over, and one fine was reduced. Against another J.P.'s decisions there were thirty-three appeals; four sentences were quashed, in thirteen cases fines were substituted for imprisonment.

★ ★ ★

A London stipendiary gets £2,000 a year, and a pension of £750. He works a four-day week. There is a proposal for evening sessions of the courts to enable working men and women to attend them.

★ ★ ★

A Victorian magistrate, very rich and respected, would sometimes be heard remarking to his clerk: "I regret to say I was drunk again last night, Mr. Jenkins. Here is 5s. for the poor-box."

"I am important official, making surveys," he explained with dignity

Bhardi pays a Bonus

To suggest that D'Cruz was an honest man would, no doubt, be going too far. But it's an honest thief who only takes his proper share of the pickings

by GEOFFREY WILLIAMSON

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY WEARE

SILVA D'CRUZ, the big Eurasian who never worked if there was an "R" in the month, and always rested if there wasn't, dropped from a goods train as it drew into Bhardi junction early one morning because he was an incurable opportunist.

He had been sleeping serenely among bales of fodder, but as the train slowed down he became aware of a babble of excited talk among coolies at work upon the permanent way.

"Hear what it says!" cried one clamorous voice. "There will be fortunes for us all; we shall be rajahs! It is here in the printed book!"

D'Cruz listened alertly. Two men from Madras had come to Bhardi, it seemed, and were offering tempting rewards to anyone who invested in some kind of lottery. It looked like a case for private investigation.

He was just scrambling under the wire fencing which skirted the goods yard when a foreman sighted him and let out a lusty yell.

"Hi, there! Come back! Where the devil are you going?"

But already D'Cruz was outside railway territory and, blowing a kiss to the irate foreman, he turned down a narrow alley and proceeded to lose himself in the labyrinth of the bazaar, just awakening to its daily life. A few merchants were setting their stalls in order; but a spirit of recklessness was discernible. People were standing about in groups, chatting and disputing together; and all the talk was of good fortune to come.

D'Cruz found a café and had barely taken a seat before a man sidled over to him and presented a small green book.

"Many salaams," said the man brightly. "You will take ticket for five-hundred rupee prize, approved by Royalty and International Conventions? Only eight annas."

Four vouchers remained in the little book. D'Cruz studied the inscription:

Royal Cosmopolitan Superlative Scheme: Finest Investment Known to High Finance.

Be a Rajah for Eight Annas.

N.B. This is not dishonest snare for SIMPLE SIMONS but sound business proposition Approved by Royalty and International Conventions of Two Hemispheres.

A set of rules appeared on the cover in very minute type, so D'Cruz paid for it and took the book. He studied the rules carefully and then made many calculations with a stub of pencil.

He found that every purchaser was required to sell three tickets to friends, each of whom must in turn dispose of three more—and so on, without end. D'Cruz tried to follow the snowball to a logical conclusion, but the figures soon reached incredible dimensions. It was a palpable swindle. The "sole organizers and treasurers" were stated to be L. K. Dulan and M. Y. Subero.

After some reflection, D'Cruz consulted a batch of miscellaneous visiting-cards which a craftsman in Delhi had once printed for him. Audacity, rather than

veracity, was their keynote. One described him as "A Chief Commissioner of Ways and Works"; the second as "Inspector of Internal Surveys"; a third as "Fire Brigade Assessor," while a fourth proclaimed him "Deputy Assistant Inspector of Forestry Reservations."

He eyed these cards with pride, and presently selected the "Survey" one. Then he visited a bazaar stationer and bought a couple of sheets of blue foolscap paper and a cheap folding ruler.

Thus equipped, he made for the office of the Royal Cosmopolitan Superlative Bonus Scheme, which he found on the ground floor of a dingy office block. Two perspiring babus, obviously L. K. Dulan and M. Y. Subero, were busily handing out books of tickets to clamouring natives. D'Cruz shouldered his way through the crowd and presented his card.

"I am important official, making special surveys of commercial premises for annual returns," he explained with dignity. "It is simple formality, and will not take long. You can carry on business as usual."

The babus exchanged relieved glances. The sudden appearance of the burly stranger had alarmed them, but his words were reassuring.

"This is only room we are occupying," ventured one. "If crowds are interfering we can tell everyone to come back later."

"Crowds will not be a bother," replied D'Cruz magnanimously. "I give you permission to conduct normal routines. I am used to working thus. This is tenth office I have surveyed this morning."

He opened his ruler with a flourish. At intervals he jotted down meaningless symbols on his blue foolscap and frowned as if engaged in making intricate calculations. He was noting all that was going on. He saw that the babus made no attempt to enter up their takings or to keep any record of tickets issued. As money poured in it was stuffed haphazardly into the drawers of the desks.

D'Cruz prolonged his "inspection" until the *tiffin* hour, when the babus announced that the office would close until later in the afternoon. The last reluctant native was finally thrust outside, but D'Cruz lingered on, making feverish entries on his "Report Sheet."

"Sorry if I am keeping you, gentlemen," he said, "but if I am not satisfying superiors on all points yours truly is getting dressing down on carpets and knuckle rappings into bargain. But I think I can call it day and rest oars on laurels now."

And he bowed himself out.

From a nearby doorway he watched the babus lock up their office and depart for lunch. Then he sauntered back and climbed in through a window which he had unlatched during his "survey."

He chuckled to himself. But he had barely seated himself at one of the desks when the office door burst open and Dulan and Subero rushed in, followed by an excited youth. They stared in amazement when they saw D'Cruz.

"Why, you fool!" cried Dulan, turning upon the youth in anger. "It is the Inspector from the Survey Department! You told us that the office was being broken into by thieves!"

The miserable informer wilted; but Subero was more astute than his partner.

"The inspector must have broken in, anyway," he declared. "What is little game, mister?"

D'Cruz rose slowly and advanced towards the trio.

"I am sorry if you have been called away from meal on my account," he said with a smile. "I am having no option but to break in. Half way down the street I am discovering that I have left my ruler behind. I am rushing back but it is case of birds have flown and stable door is closed. So, in circumstances, I am trying window and by good luck it is open. This man is evidently seeing me and is then jumping to conclusion that it is daylight robbery.

"This is too good of you both," added D'Cruz, when the ruler had been found. "Now you gentlemen must please join me in a little refreshment."

Flattered at being treated as equals by an important Government official, the babus needed no pressing. D'Cruz piloted them to a nearby saloon and proceeded to prove himself a generous host.

"Drink up, gentlemen, and have another!" he urged before their glasses were half empty, and under his persuasive influence the "sole organizers and treasurers" of the Royal Cosmopolitan Superlative Bonus Scheme innocently obeyed.

They were still in the same saloon long after the hour they had stipulated for the resumption of business. They had no inclination to work now. Dulan was for leaving all business till the morrow.

"My head is no good," he wailed dolefully, clapping his hands to his temples and staring at his companion with jaundiced eyes.

In Subero, however, the liquor had an opposite effect. He was in elevated and boisterous mood.

"Pull yourself together man," he urged, with a knowing wink at D'Cruz. "He is not used to heavy drinkings; always I am having samelike troubles with him whenever he is having one or more over eight."

"Oh, he will be all right when we get him back," replied D'Cruz amiably.

But Dulan shook his head.

"This is calamity!" he wailed.

He was reeling now, and D'Cruz grasped him by the shoulder.

"Stop this rubbishy talk, man!" he counselled sternly. "You are making mountains and molehills out of merest bagatelles; any man who says you are drunk is seeing double! Come along!"

He motioned to Subero to take his partner's other arm, and between them they led the protesting Dulan back to the office, where he collapsed in a stupor from which it was impossible to rouse him. Subero, whose brightness was waning, looked at the crowds clamouring round the door.

"What is to be done?" he asked.

"Don't worry," answered D'Cruz with a smile. "This is my afternoon off duty, so yours truly can fill breach."

Had Subero been less excited he might have paused at such an offer on the part of an Inspector of Internal Surveys; but his own faculties were now blurred.

"This is top-hole, man," he exclaimed. "Now help me move this sleeping pig into spare room."

Between them they carried Dulan into a tiny apartment behind the office; then they returned to cope with the growing throng of would-be investors.

All through the afternoon they were kept busy handing out books of tickets, but at six o'clock Subero announced that it was time to close down for the day.

When they went to rouse Dulan they found him dull and heavy-eyed.

"Hair of dog is what he is wanting," advised D'Cruz, dragging the reluctant Dulan to his feet.

So the trio again sought the nearby saloon, and Dulan felt so revived by his first drink that he declared himself ready for anything. D'Cruz ordered a fresh round, and now it was Subero who began to look anxious. But neither of the babus wished to appear weaklings in the presence of their eminent friend, so they yielded to the suggestion that they should have a bumper for the road.

That bumper proved fatal. It led to another and another, and D'Cruz was soon satisfied that he had the pair anchored there for the evening. But he did not rush matters. He treated them to a meal of red-hot curry at one of the bazaar cafes and then led them from one saloon to another. Dulan became lethargic, but Subero waxed turbulent and boastful.

Towards the end of the evening Dulan let fall the fact that they planned to depart from Bhardi next day. Subero instantly sought to cover his partner's lapse.

"What bally rot you are telling now, man!" he exclaimed hastily. "You are tight as owls! You are knowing very well that we must stay here three months at least."

This produced a foolish stare from Dulan.

"But only this morning you are saying. . . ."

"Don't let's argue with him," interrupted Subero. "He has not slightest conception of what he is telling. Of course, we must stay in Bhardi three months at least. You are seeing how much business we have to attend to."

"Yes, I am seeing," said D'Cruz affably. "Of course, you must stay. I should be sorry to lose you; you are two first-rate fellows. Have another drink."

Towards midnight D'Cruz deserted his companions and had the satisfaction of seeing them dragged off to the local police station as drunk and incapable. As he watched them go, he jingled a bunch of keys which he had filched from Subero's pocket a little earlier in the evening.

He slept soundly in the office of the Royal Cosmopolitan Superlative Bonus Scheme for an hour or two, but was astir at the first light of dawn. First he unlocked the drawers of each desk and helped himself to some of the cash they contained.

He estimated that there must be many thousands of rupees there for the taking, but he was fairly modest in his appropriations. He stuffed a few bundles of notes into various pockets—possibly five hundred rupees in all. He could not be bothered to count; there would be enough to keep him for a while, and he never looked far ahead.

"I am entitled to rake-off for nipping scheme in bud," he reflected, "and it is better than robbing Peter and forgetting to pay Paul as those two are doing."

Having salved his conscience by this philosophy, he crossed to the window and hailed a passer-by.

"Quick!" he called. "Here is a rupee. Run to the bazaar and tell everyone that this office is opening early today and prizes are being paid out!"

When the man had sped on his errand, D'Cruz left the office, strolled down to the police station and handed in a book of vouchers.

"I advise you to look into this scheme!" he said.

The desk sergeant grinned.

"I can't take any more," he said. "I have already bought two books. It is excellent scheme, approved by Royalty and International Conventions."

D'Cruz shrugged his shoulders in despair.

"What in hell is use?" he muttered to himself. Then, aloud to the sergeant he said: "Well, you'd better hurry; they are paying prizes today!"

With that he headed for the railway. He would have liked to remain to witness the turmoil that was certain to engulf Bhardi before many hours; but prudence told him that it would be better to be on his way.

"The dirty crook! I always had a feeling he was dishonest"

Are you happy in your leisure?

"If every cinema, dog track and racecourse were shut down tomorrow, they would still not have enough time for all the things they wish to do. . . ." John Bull is giving the personal stories of men and women of whom that claim is true

A BEE-LINE FROM THE BANK

The lady bank clerk found that the buzz of bees shut out the buzz of bombs in the war. Now the lure of beekeeping quickens her pace when she goes home from work

MISS WINIFRED STEVENS is a neat quiet woman who's worked most of her life in a bank. There isn't much to distinguish her from all the other neat middle-aged women who pour each evening from City offices into the tubes and buses that take them home to the suburbs.

Except this.

The other women are going home to an evening at the pictures, to wash their stockings, to change a library book, to read the paper. Miss Stevens is going home to her bees.

Bees matter a lot to Miss Stevens. You might, in a way, divide her life into "before the bees" and "after the bees." As we sat on the back row of Mr. White's Friday evening class (Apiculture, Advanced Students) she told me how the bees came into her life.

The year 1943, you remember, began brilliantly with the sweeping victories in North Africa. People's hopes soared. Then, the war bogged down again in Italy. The reaction was severe: nerves were getting frayed by this time. To Winifred Stevens as she bent over her desk at the bank it began to look as if the war would never end.

"I felt then I just had to have something with no bombs in it," she said. Searching around her mind she remembered the hive of bees kept by a country cousin. She remembered how much she'd enjoyed watching them, and how, somehow, she hadn't felt in the least bit afraid.

She decided that bees were the answer. She would, so to speak, let the buzz of the bees drown the drone of the bombers.

Behind her quietness Miss Stevens is a pretty purposeful sort of woman. She rang up the London County Council. "Good morning," she said. "Can you tell me how to keep bees, please?"

They could. And that was how, four years ago, she first walked into Mr. White's classroom in the City Literary Institute and came under the spell of the bees.

Her First Hive

The following year she set up her first beehive in the back garden of her Stoke Newington home. Every evening after a day poring over columns of figures in the bank she would take the bus home from the City and go straight out into the garden to look at the bees. There, beside the hive, the war faded into nightmare unreality and life seemed to make some sort of sense again.

After a bit, she told me, she found herself taking a new interest in flowers and trees. She found herself poking her nose into people's back gardens to see what they had in them. She began to take a sort of bee's-eye view of the world.

By the time the fly-bomb bases were overrun, Miss Stevens had her first twenty pounds of honey, distilled from the flowers in that Stoke Newington back garden. "But I didn't see a single jar of it. Amazing how soon the word gets round that there's a beekeeper in the district."

What does it cost to set up as a beekeeper?

"I started by buying two hives and a small stock of bees," said Miss Stevens. "There are 50,000 or so in a hive. Altogether it cost me about £20. But you could do it for half that, especially if you're a man and can make your own hives."

Our cities are full of beekeepers, Miss Stevens tells me. The smallest bit of land will do to put your hive on, and, since you can leave their care to the weekend, beekeeping's an easy hobby for a business person to follow.

"We'd better tackle the docile ones tonight," announced Mr. White. While we were talking in the City Literary Institute classroom he'd been steadily taking a hive apart.

Danger Spot

I was glad that it was to be the docile ones. Already the air was laced with bees. They were strewn about the floor like big brown currants. "The danger spot's in front of the hive," said Miss Stevens. She added, comfortingly: "They're not naturally aggressive—if you don't get in their way."

She smiled. "I remember the first time my bees swarmed. The policeman came and knocked at the door. 'Do you keep bees?' he asked. They were hanging from a rose pergola in the garden of a house down the road. It all went off very easily. I took my skep and just gently smoked them in.

"After I'd got the swarm away I took the people round a jar of honey and they didn't mind a bit. As a matter of fact, gardeners should be grateful to beekeepers for fertilizing their flowers and plants. Our neighbours never had such a crop of raspberries as when I started with my bees."

A tall civil servant in a black Homberg hat suddenly broke away from the classroom group round the hive. "One got up my trouser leg," he said.

"The best way is to put it right out of mind," advised Miss Stevens, kindly.

She turned to me: "You know, some people are immune to stings. One girl here wanted to get stung; she said she wouldn't feel initiated till she'd been stung. Last week she got stung four times, twice on the eyes and twice on the nose. But nothing happened."

What *has* this hobby got that makes people suffer agonies so gladly?

"I suppose," said Winifred Stevens, shaking a bee off her glove, "that the really fascinating thing about bees is that though men have been studying them for centuries, there's still so much we don't know about them.

"You see, bees haven't been 'domesticated' at all. You have to try to get inside their minds and see beforehand what they intend to do."

There's more to bees than stings. "We try to get in their minds," says Miss Stevens, whose leisure hours are full and happy

I turned to the subject of honey.

"In 1945," she said, "I had two hives in Sussex and I got ninety-two pounds. It's a fact you can make it a paying proposition, but the trouble is the profit is so liable to be swallowed up in the bad years. Last year it was so wet and cold I had to give my bees my own sugar ration. We get a special allocation, too, you know, spring and autumn, not so much because of the honey we produce as for the good our bees do to the crops by pollenization."

Beekeepers belong to their county or district associations. They get to know each other and have bee meetings and bee discussions in local halls. It's a very special sort of comradeship this: like the comradeship of war, the comradeship of people who have a rare experience, a very special point of view in common, an intimacy that transcends all bounds of class and background in the excitement of common discovery.

Escapade

The class was nearly over. Half a dozen of the students began to manoeuvre down the stairs carrying the hives between them. On the way down, several bees broke away and buzzed around the staircase.

Three girls coming up from a classroom below spotted them and shivered. Carefully, Mr. White began to catch the bees, one by one, and pop them through the window.

Then we all went down and stood around the hives in their new position. The tall civil servant leaned over and delicately picked a sting out of Miss Stevens's cheek.

"Funny, isn't it, how they always sting you on the face just when you're going out?" she commented—and gently pulled a struggling bee from her right eyelid.

I mastered my horror. "Still, on the whole, I gather you're not sorry you thought of bees in 1943?"

She didn't answer for a moment. Then, with complete sincerity, this neat middle-aged woman, who's worked in a bank most of her life, looked at me and said quietly: "You know, I've never been so happy."

HENRY FIRTH

Princess Elizabeth gives her birthday talk from Capetown. . . . Sincere, fluent

Back in London, she drove to Guildhall to receive Freedom of the City of London

Trooping of the Colour ceremony meant a week's practice. Normally she rides astride

IT'S HARD LEARNING TO BE QUEEN

by JOHN COTTON

It might be nice to be a princess —for a day. As a regular job, and with the prospect of becoming queen later on, it's certainly no sinecure

THERE WAS PROBABLY not more than ten yards between Princess Elizabeth and her waiting motor car. She stood for a moment framed in the brilliant lights of the foyer of the theatre, smiling and saying good night to friends.

Waiting among a couple of hundred others for her to pass, I thought, "There goes a beautiful woman."

This was also in the mind of the man next to me, for he half turned and said to his wife (as I took her to be), "She's lovely, isn't she?" To which came the reply, whip-lashed with envy, "Yes, she ought to be. She's got everything in the world—*and* doesn't have to work and pay for it!"

At this precise moment the future Queen of England, head up, shoulders back, smile lines still crinkling the corners of her eyes, bowed to those who waited and watched, and then she walked—not too quickly and not too slowly—to the big Daimler; entered it, sat down with easy grace, waved her hand, bowed again, and was driven away.

Taking that entire incident as a starting point, may we now please have a little objective thinking? *Has* Princess Elizabeth got everything in the world? And *doesn't* she have to work and pay for it? We can do worse than look at the background to that ten yards' walk to the motor car.

It should provide some answers—for it represents, in cameo, a synthesis of nearly twenty years of training.

First of all, this young woman has to say good night to her friends, under brilliant lighting, while four hundred eyes are focused upon her. Of these the majority belong to women, and they will not miss one single item or aspect of her dress, her jewellery, her hair, her complexion or her manicure.

She has to appear completely natural and at ease. A sign of embarrassment, a petulant frown would be seized upon avidly and at once told, re-told, retailed and built up into a story that (*a*) Princess Elizabeth is a bad-tempered person, (*b*) she hated the show at the theatre and told her friends so, (*c*) she as good as insulted her father's humble and loyal subjects who wished only to show their interest in and affection for her.

Point number one therefore emerges: In no circumstances, when in public, must Princess Elizabeth appear other than pleasant, smiling, happy and contented.

Having said good night, she now has to walk to her car at a pace which will enable everyone interested to see her. She must not hurry; that might give offence to those who have waited some hours to pay their respects and satisfy their perfectly natural and kindly curiosity. On the other hand she must not dawdle and risk, in a possibly surging crowd, loss of the dignity which is demanded of the King's daughter.

Point number two then: With her mental self-control must go measured elegance of walk and deportment. The art of entering a motor car must be mastered, as must the giving of a "good night and thank you" by means of a bow and a waved hand.

Price of Her Privileges

It should be clear from these two points alone that the secret lies in training—and training does mean hard work. This brings us back to the remark passed by the onlooker, Mrs. X, which was neither fair nor accurate.

Princess Elizabeth has *not* got everything in the world; she has not, in fact, as much freedom as Mrs. X in speech or action. She does have to work, and work thundering hard, and she certainly does have to pay in a hundred ways for the magnificent clothes, the luxury and the privileges which she enjoys. That work is getting harder with the passing months; it will culminate in day-by-day Queenship over a nation greater and more famous than any other in recorded history.

Her training began almost as soon as she was born. This can scarcely be said of any other English man or woman, and it is surely only fair and reasonable to understand this. Anyone who thinks the job a sinecure should reflect upon a few more facts.

Her "salary" now is the substantial sum of £15,000 a year—a first charge upon the Duchy of Cornwall which produces £100,000 a year in revenues and which is vested in the King anyway. What is left over goes to the reduction of the Civil List. Does she earn it?

Her Clothes Set Fashions

One quick answer to that: the clothing business alone of this country estimates that it will get not less than £250,000 worth of trade as a result of the advertisement she provided by her dresses on the South African tour.

Her shoes, hats and jewellery set more new fashions which South African women are following. That's a further boost for "Made in Britain."

In direct cash benefits she would appear to have earned her corn; and at this point let's move to a different plane and recall part of an extremely good and moving speech which Princess Elizabeth, broadcasting in South Africa, made on her twenty-first birthday. She said:

"There is a motto which has been borne by many of my ancestors—a noble motto, 'I Serve.' These words were an inspiration to many bygone heirs to the throne when they made their knightly dedication as they came to manhood. I cannot do quite as they did, but through the inventions of science I can do what was not possible for any of them. I can make my solemn act of dedication with a whole Empire listening. I should like to make that dedication now. It is very simple.

"I declare before you all that my whole life, whether it be long or short, shall be devoted to your service and the service of our great Imperial family to which we belong. God help me make

good my vow, and God bless all of you who are willing to share it."

By any standards her oratory was first class, her sincerity was undoubted, and she hit exactly the right historical note; so, at the age of twenty-one, she was capable, balanced and warmly human.

Does she write her own speeches? It's a fair question. The answer is yes—with the qualification that they are submitted in rough to the King, who "vets" them for policy against the considerable background of his own knowledge—which Elizabeth cannot at this stage be expected to match. But he will rarely alter the phrasing of a point.

Certainly she rehearses her speeches—and this she qualifies with the observation, "Mr. Churchill told me years ago that he *always* rehearses and said it was a businesslike thing to do."

Her elocution is good, with the clarity of the Scots and the soft emphasis of the south. There is no hesitation, no impediment. She always remembers "Crawfie" saying, "Talk to the back row—and keep your chin in. That, by the way, isn't my advice; it's Henry Irving's."

She Spoke French When Eight

It gave Londoners a good deal of pleasure to hear her say at the Guildhall last month (when she was admitted to the freedom of London) that she was proud to be a citizen of the Great Wen.

She was born in Bruton Street, W., and she spent most of her early childhood in London. Her training was under way, despite the fact that it was not then considered that she was likely to inherit the throne. She could read before she was six years old (her mother taught her), and at eight she was chattering in French, riding in Windsor Great Park and swimming twice a week at the Bath Club.

She was also having one or two sharp lessons in behaviour—more especially from her grandmother, Queen Mary—and being surreptitiously slipped an occasional bag of sweets by her grandfather, George V.

And who was "Crawfie"? Around 1933, Elizabeth's formal education began, and a very quiet, talented young Scotswoman, Miss Marion Crawford, from Dunfermline, was brought into the household. Twenty-six, a graduate of Edinburgh University, she had been governess to Lord Elgin's children and to Mary Leveson-Gower, daughter of Admiral and Lady Leveson-Gower. Elizabeth called her "Crawfie."

To begin with, there were some pretty tussles between these two—the firm, insistent young governess and the quick-witted child who had already made it clear that she liked and appreciated the public interest in her and knew she was a prime favourite. "Crawfie" was a winner all along the line.

The routine went smoothly thereafter. Lessons began at nine-fifteen and went on until eleven o'clock; then half an hour's break, and more lessons until twelve-thirty. The afternoons were mostly spent out of doors or at music and dancing lessons. Between five-thirty and six-thirty, Elizabeth (and her sister Margaret) was sitting at her mother's feet listening to the things that mothers say, feeling the reins that mothers hold. And bucking at them, sometimes.

Her Key Subject Was History

The picture was slowly filling in. The grand design was not yet apparent.

But from now on there was an emphasis upon history in her lessons. There was French, German, Latin, arithmetic, geometry, geography and literature as well; but history, the background, what had gone before, the march of events over centuries—this was the key. They sent, in 1938, a complete plan for her further education to the Cabinet, then headed by Neville Chamberlain.

The design was there at last and now it could be seen. Imperceptibly the freedoms enjoyed by other citizens of this land were slipping away from Elizabeth. There were many more "you must nots" and fewer "you mays." From Eton came lisping Sir Henry Marten to teach her constitutional history and through it make clear to her who she was and what was her place in the world. It began with an hour's instruction a week and developed into a bi-weekly full-length lecture from Sir Henry.

Her general course of study was similar to that given to a university undergraduate. The special attention paid to American history was profoundly important; it's a subject upon which some other heirs to the throne have been notoriously poor. In steady succession came Trevelyan's immensely erudite and best-selling *History of England*, Bryce's *The American Commonwealth*, Muzzey's *History of the United States of America* and Lord Elton's *Imperial Commonwealth*.

It was tough going; but it was part of the plan. History was all-important, although a contemplation of something nearer the ordinary tastes of a young girl might have suited Elizabeth's inclinations somewhat better.

With the plan, underlining it, was something else: that motto, "I Serve." Therefore, while it would have been pleasant indeed to be riding in the park, romping with the dogs, play-acting with sister Margaret, the plan went forward—"The Colonies," "The Evolution of a Self-Governing Dominion," "India and the Indian Problem" and "National Expenditure during the War of 1939" took leading places.

There were notebooks to be filled with newspaper clippings—and her observations on them—as part of her study of current affairs; and maps to be drawn to illustrate her points. She has a significant talent for this sort of thing. Sir Henry marked her exercise books on the same system he used for his Eton pupils. No quarter was given.

Elizabeth is now a woman, travelled, cultured, aware of her responsibilities and very willing to bear them. She can make a speech and launch a ship. She can look decorous and unperturbed in a gale of wind while thousands watch her every movement.

She can shake hands for a solid hour (at an

"As her own marriage approaches, she studies increasingly the life of Queen Victoria"

Priestley's Page

John Bull readers choose the topics and J. B. Priestley comments on them in this stimulating weekly feature

Q. "In your opinion, what is the greatest danger facing the British people at the present critical time?"

OUR greatest danger at the present time is that we may be losing the very qualities that alone will bring us security and prosperity. These qualities are drive, initiative, courage and faith.

We had them all in the war, but we are not re-discovering them in the peace. The lack of them can be seen at all levels and in all departments of our national life.

This country ought now to be in a great fury of creation and experiment. We ought to be improvising like blazes, trying this, abandoning that, making plenty of mistakes but getting on with everything.

But our national life at present seems to me like a car that is fitted up with gigantic clutches, gears and brakes but has hardly any engine to make it go. And our great problem is—not how to find more clutches, gears and brakes, but how to increase the size of the engine so that the vehicle will really get going.

Working creatively at full pressure is *fun*—all normal people enjoy it. But there is no fun in niggling and nagging and objecting and sitting around droning in committees, and at present that is what we seem to do best.

And I believe it is this—and not the shortages—that leaves people exasperated at first, and afterwards depressed and cynical.

It is unfortunate that the two most powerful influences in the country—the trade unions and the Civil Service—have no particular enthusiasm for the release of creative energy; and the longer we live in the atmosphere of these two influences, the less likely it is that we shall display the qualities necessary for our survival.

The remedy? To refuse to take our tone and tempo from the T.U.C. and Whitehall. To demand —angrily, if necessary—more opportunities for creation and experiment. To co-operate with our neighbours in doing what we feel ought to be done. To insist that true Socialism means the spreading of responsibility and control and not the centralization of them.

To be at once enthusiastic, truculent, filled with both hope and devilment, and to stop muttering and grumbling in corners.

Q. "What accounts for the fascination that detective stories hold—often for people of the highest intellect?"

WE live in a huge, complicated, muddled world. It is hard to consider one problem without being aware of a dozen other problems, equally difficult and urgent.

Now, the charm of the detective story is that it offers us a small and simplified world, with just one problem to settle—for example, who killed Sir Rufus?

This simplified world, with its one problem, offers us a very pleasant escape from the baffling real world. And it is this escape—and *not*, as so many people often say, the fascination of violent crime—that makes the detective story so valuable as light reading.

Actually, the criminal side of detective stories is not important at all, and I think too many contemporary writers overdo the violence and blood. I should like to see a story of the detective kind that had no crime in it but that merely presented a single intriguing problem—it might be connected, for instance, with a disappearance.

And now it can be seen why many intellectual persons, often with great responsibilities, particularly enjoy detective stories, for they need the escape these stories offer even more than other persons.

Q. "There are many obvious temperamental differences between people. Can you suggest one difference that is hardly ever noticed?"

THERE certainly is something that seems to me to divide people sharply into two classes. Readers can amuse themselves by discovering into which class they and their husbands or wives, children and friends should be placed.

This classification is based upon two quite different attitudes towards grumbling.

Some people—and I am one of them myself—believe that a good grumble makes things better. Thus, for example, if I am staying in an hotel and I am given a bad breakfast, I want to grumble hard, and then I feel much better. The grumble, so to speak, has helped to make up for the bad breakfast.

But the other people do not see it like this. They feel strongly that grumbling only makes things worse, that to grumble about a bad breakfast adds to the misery of the situation.

Now in my view this is a real fundamental difference between people. Either you believe that grumbling adds to misery or you hold, as I do, that at least it subtracts something from it.

This is not a sexual difference, although I would say there are more pro-grumblers among men than there are among women, who mostly tend to be anti-grumblers. Many married couples have a member in each class, with results that most of us know.

***** If you have a question for Mr. Priestley send it on a postcard to the Editor. No letters, requests, or appeals, please.**

Continued from previous page

average rate of twelve a minute) and remain smiling and interested. She writes roughly fifteen letters every day.

She is president of six hospitals and societies connected with hospitals and nursing, and is patron of the Red Cross Societies of both Australia and Canada. She is president of the Royal College of Music. She has an honorary degree of Bachelor of Music of the University of London and she has been initiated into the Fellowship of the Gorsedd of the Bards of Wales at the Eisteddfod.

As the King's understudy, in the event of his serious illness she becomes Regent of the United Kingdom, enjoying nearly all the powers of the King himself.

The Princess is still learning how to master the endless intricacies of court etiquette and diplomatic convention. She has about ten years' more work to do on those aspects of her training.

Being Impressive at Twenty-one

Elizabeth knows, and is getting to know better, the political leaders of the nation. She meets them frequently at her father's house.

She has mastered the art of being suitably impressive when she appears as a symbolic figure on State occasions. This is no easy feat —and it's not at all the sort of job one hankers after at twenty-one.

She appeared, as Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, riding side-saddle at the Trooping of the Colour on the King's official birthday. What did this involve? She spent half an hour every day for a week practising side-saddle (she normally rides astride, and has done so since childhood) in the Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace, controlling her animal with the left hand in order to leave the right free for saluting, and in the left hand also holding her leather-covered stick. It was hard work, and had to be faultless; which, on the occasion, it was.

No Grenadier, officer or man, would appear on parade other than dress and drill perfect; Elizabeth followed suit.

The chores she did in the Mews were added to those of getting her attire right.

This had to have a military touch and yet be feminine. The Queen, authorities on Army dress and her own dressmaker were all consulted months ahead.

Her training does give her a chance to enter into the minds of all sorts and conditions of people and talk to them sensibly and with no "side."

Finally, her age and station tend to make her accepted as representative of the youth of the British Empire; and she is the only daughter of a reigning sovereign ever deliberately educated and groomed for "next on the throne."

Enter Philip Mountbatten

One way and another, she has made a fair enough fist of it all. She does have to work and she does have to pay for working and for the many pleasant things that come her way.

Has she got everything, as Mrs. X, the onlooker, claimed?

Not by a long chalk, but she has one privilege, though its a privilege which any good-looking, able and amiable girl of her age might claim. She is truly in love with her fiance.

And because she is in love and is looking forward to her marriage to six-footer Philip Mountbatten, she is paying more attention than ever to her favourite figure in history, Queen Victoria, whom she regards as a great woman—"and not deserving of the harsh things said about her."

Certainly, Queen Victoria's happy married life with her consort sets a good precedent for Elizabeth and Philip.

FREE SPEECH

Austerity apart, what is lacking in life today? A reader starts this week's letters with an answer to that important question

WHAT IS IT that the present age lacks? Something certainly is missing today. I would say it consists of three things:

(1) The Nonconformist conscience;

(2) The Liberal tradition;

(3) The individual employer, who ran his business freely in his own personal way.

Number one has been replaced by secularism, number two by State control, number three by industrial combines. The outcome is that we are far worse off today, spiritually, politically and commercially.—FRED J. CHAPPLE, "Grasmere," Whaley Bridge, Derbyshire.

Rewarding Extra Output

HERE IS A SUGGESTION for stepping up production. In consultation with employers, the Government should, on the basis of the average output reached during the preceding four weeks, lay down a "minimum" production target for each month.

The Government should then give a guarantee that any output achieved over that minimum should be rewarded *tax free*.—J. W. A., Manchester. (Name and address enclosed.)

Just Too Many People

PEOPLE ARE GETTING UPSET about the falling birth-rate. Why? A considerable lowering of the population is surely just what we need.

Our present large population makes mass production a necessity. A human being has to twiddle a knob every ten seconds for eight hours a day. If he gets a sudden uncontrollable urge to be original and twiddle every eleven seconds, he may get the sack. Remember those fantastic tales we used to read—about the Age of Robots? This *is* the age, and *we* are the products. The world's all right. There are just too many people in it.—K. FERNER, South Park, Papworth Everard, near Cambridge.

Tied to Houses They Don't Want

IF SMALL HOUSES OR PREFABS could be made available for the over-sixties, a large amount of accommodation would be freed for younger people.

All my children are married, yet I have to go on living in my large house, with a rent I can ill afford, simply because I can find nowhere else.

And what happens to the old, scrapped tramcars? They make very comfortable houses, as I have seen in Canada, and I should be only too pleased to have one in a peaceful spot. My present house would then become available for people needing more space.—MRS. M. I. BUTLER, 36 Barton Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

One for Sale, Four to Let

ALL HOUSES SHOULD be built for the local authorities, and one in five should be sold by auction to the highest bidder, while the other four are let.

This would (1) stamp out the black market in new houses, and (2) produce a good profit which could be used to subsidize the houses built to let.—E. MILLS, Big Wood, Norton, near Lincoln.

Unofficial Strikes

EVERY SENSIBLE PERSON can appreciate a reasonable grievance and the justice of a proper strike officially organized by the unions to put things right, but we are getting sick and tired of these spasmodic, unofficial hold-ups which are throwing us back in production and doing immeasurable harm generally. These unofficial strikers are literally blackmailing the Government. Do they not realize the harm they are doing to the very people they put into power at the last election?

Under a Labour Government in Australia this kind of sabotage is punishable by imprisonment. Why not here?—E. B. CHILDS, 27 Gleneldon Road, London, S.W.16.

Free the Surplus Stocks

THE GOVERNMENT OWES THE PUBLIC vast sums in postwar credits. The Government also still has vast quantities of surplus war goods in great demand.

Could they not issue lists of these goods, with fixed prices, and allow the public to buy them up to the amount of their postwar credit? This would enable the Treasury to scale down its debt, and at the same time help people to obtain some of the things they need.—F. A. DILLEY, 55 Laurel Avenue, Potters Bar, Middlesex.

Marriage by Arrangement

ONE OF THE MAIN REASONS for today's broken marriages is our present system of choosing partners. There are thousands of girls who do not frequent dance halls or public houses but who would make excellent housewives, and there are thousands of young men who are searching high and low for those very girls.

The only solution is a marriage bureau in every town, run by the local authorities, which would introduce men and women of common interests to each other. This would produce a good substitute for the haphazard acquaintanceship, which is so often the prelude to an unhappy marriage. — J. MILLER, 10 Turner Street, Leicester.

PRAYER AND CRISIS ● WORKERS' WIVES ● WHERE ARE THE SOFT DRINKS? ● SWAPPING JOBS

THE REV. W. E. PURCELL'S article on "Prayer and Crisis" (JOHN BULL, July 5) was interesting, but, if sincerity alone matters, why have a National Day of Prayer? Can people become sincere during one service?

To me this seems the greatest form of hypocrisy, made worse by its authorization from the Church. Surely, if we are in need, as we are, a greater working effort would be far better than a dozen National Days of Prayer.

Mass production methods in religion are not, in my opinion, the right way to set about the task.—J. I. WILLS, 7 Wesley Grove, Copnor, Portsmouth, Hants.

Palmerston's Retort

MR. PURCELL'S ARTICLE recalls the famous saying of Lord Palmerston at a time when a serious epidemic was ravaging the country. Urged to order a day of public prayer, he replied: "No; see to your drains."—V. Y., Surrey. (Name and address enclosed.)

One-day Whimper

AS A FIRM BELIEVER in prayer, I am sure God does not want us suddenly to crawl and whimper on one day and then forget Him until we get into another panic.

He knows our trials and wants us to chat to Him about them any moment any day. He does not want prayers spasmodically uttered in bulk in certain buildings on certain days. — A. N. LAMB, 4 Rutland Avenue, Toton, Beeston, Notts.

Always on Duty

I SYMPATHIZE WITH THE Devon doctor's wife (JOHN BULL, July 5) who will soon be not "her husband's slave" but that of the State.

But the wives of other workers should be considered, too. The miner's wife, for instance, who has to make breakfast in time for her husband to leave the house at six o'clock, and who has a never-ending task of patching and darning coal-begrimed garments from the pit.

I could take the Devon doctor's wife to a woman in South Wales who lost her husband and four sons in one day and never even saw their bodies again.

Then there are the busmen's and the railway workers' wives, whose husbands frequently work the most abnormal hours. And millions of other wives who could all tell a tale of woe if they started to indulge in self-pity—and most of them receive as reward far less of this world's goods than the Devon doctor's wife.

She, at least, was, between the wars, spared the agony of hearing such tragic words from her husband as: "I've had my notice—they're closing down. . . ." And, in case I get into trouble at home, I must not forget the vicar's wife, who is expected to be an unpaid curate to a man whose stipend is often less than that of a labourer—not that there is any reason why it should be more. Her husband, too, often gets night calls. — THE REV. JACK GRIFFITHS, Leighton Vicarage, Welshpool.

None in Stock

WHAT HAS HAPPENED to the favourite soft drinks of the past? I tried forty shops and could not find

a single bottle of sarsaparilla, dandelion and burdock, spruce or barm beer.—G. HESLETON, 19 Shelvers Spur, Tadworth, Surrey.

Good Idea, But—

MRS. R. CAMPBELL'S suggestion that people should periodically exchange jobs (JOHN BULL, July 5) sounds attractive, but does she really think it would work? Or has she never heard of *skilled* workers?

Personally I should very much like to see her after she had been "permed" by a laundry girl.—R. M., Motherwell. (Name and address enclosed.)

Swap Nationals, Too

I AGREE WITH Mrs. Campbell, but go even further. Why not swap nationals as well as jobs?

If Britain, the U.S.A. and Russia, for example, exchanged groups of citizens at agreed intervals, there would come a time when "we," and not "they," would predominate in our conversations.

Impossible? The U.S.A. — that "melting pot" of nationalities — was so considered once upon a time.—G. BEVAN, 19a, Well Place, Crombach, Aberdare, Glamorgan.

Make it 10s. for Twenty

THE BUDGET FORCED ME to cut down from thirty to less than ten cigarettes a day—and I am five times as fit for it. I wish Dr. Dalton would put the price up to ten shillings a packet. Then I would have to give up smoking altogether.

The dollar position would then be

with my feet up

by Ian Fox

Wings of a Dove

THE DOVE OF PEACE was flapping around with a tired look on her face, wondering where to go next.

"Coo," she said, her voice slightly obscured by the olive branch in her beak. "No one has invited me anywhere. If I weren't a dove I'd say I was a wallflower."

There was a great commotion behind her. "Squaaark!" said the Stormy Petrel, as he nosedived on to the Dove of Peace and pulled a feather out of her tail. "Still moaning?"

"You nasty big brute," said the Dove of Peace. "Always stirring up trouble, you are. Where have you been?"

"China," answered the Stormy Petrel. "Things are doing nicely there. The civil war is still on."

"Oh dear," said the Dove of Peace. "It's those awful Communists, I suppose."

★ ★ ★

"Don't know how I'd manage if anyone made friends with them," said the Stormy Petrel. "As long as they're trying to get somewhere and someone else wants to stop them, my job's easy.

"General Eisenhower has just said that, although the American army high-ups do not foresee the probability of another war, they cannot exclude the possibility. So you'd better get busy." So had I."

"And so had I," said a raucous voice. It was the vulture.

"The Americans will be sure to want armaments now," said the Vulture. "Goody-goody — I'm sick of messing about with little things like black markets."

★ ★ ★

The Stormy Petrel winked. "I can hardly wait," he said, "to tell the Russians that Chancellor Robert Hutchins, of Chicago University, has just said that America's stock of atom bombs is big enough to wipe out every large city in the world."

"Oh, dear," said the Dove of Peace.

"Well, I'm off to have a hover over the British and American zones in Germany," said the Vulture. "Where are you going?"

"I thought I'd call in on Rumania and Bulgaria on the way to Russia," said the Stormy Petrel. "Then I'm going to fly the Atlantic and pay a visit to Ben Hecht."

"Oh dear, oh dear," said the Dove of Peace, swallowing her olive branch.

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

improved, and I would be an even fitter and healthier man.—J. LECKENBY, 91 Lindley Street, Acomb Road, York.

Women . . .

YOUR READER, A. RACE, is wrong in saying one never sees "So-and-So and Daughter" over business premises (JOHN BULL, July 5). "Knight and Daughter" may be seen over a greengrocer's shop in Dorchester Road in Weymouth.—W. C. BORROWDALE, 104 St. Julian's Road, Newport, Mon.

Who Join . . .

THERE IS A HAIRDRESSER'S shop in Crown Hill, Plymouth, under the name of "Lovels and Daughter."—E. SMITH, 163 Victoria Road, St. Budeaux, Plymouth.

. . . the Family Firm

HORDEN, CO. DURHAM, can boast of two firms including "daughters": West and Daughters, printers, and Charlie Williams and Daughters, hardware merchants.—W. PINE, 2 Eleventh Street, Blacknall, West Hartlepool.

∴ Many other readers have sent in instances of "Daughter" appearing in the name of a firm.—EDITOR.

Lunch Comes First

AS A LORRY DRIVER, I frequently arrive at a factory with deliveries at 12.30 p.m., only to be told: "Have to wait till two o'clock, mate. Just going to have dinner." Result: an hour and a half wasted.

"Work or Want" is today's slogan. Such "workers" *should* "want."—T. W. INGRING, 15 Railway Street, Willenhall, Staffs.

Waste of Labour

SOME OF THOSE "Work or Want" posters should be distributed in the R.A.F. There are thousands of men who, like myself, are wasting their own time and the country's money in "pool" flights.

One can understand that vacancies in trade training courses are not always immediately available, but there is no excuse for keeping useful labour for months on end just polishing floors or digging up the same piece of ground over and over again—or, more often, doing nothing at all.

As several of my comrades have said to me, they are getting used to a lazy life and will not feel like working on return to civvy street.—A/C, Flintshire. (Name and unit enclosed.)

Too Old at Thirty-Five?

WE HEAR LOTS ABOUT "Work or Want," but I have been looking for any sort of job here for two years, and am still looking.

If I am on the "rubbish heap" at thirty-five, what is the prospect for older men? — E. C. Jones, "Llwynteg," Brecon Road, Ystradgynlais, Swansea.

In Defence of Our Pubs

SERGEANT J. D. PALMER, who compared English pubs unfavourably with those in Italy (JOHN BULL, June 21) must have confined his travels to Trieste, from where he wrote.

My memories of the average Italian bar are of unshaven proprietors scrounging cigarettes, and of dirty wine-stained floors—never of that friendly atmosphere peculiar to English pubs.—V. J. BREWER, 28 Wolseley Road, Swilly, Plymouth.

Word-Spinning

MR. STRACHEY recently stated: "The stocks of potatoes in London are short owing to deterioration of supply." One might as usefully declare that a heat wave was caused by the sun.

Basic English at least has the advantage that such platitudes are easily recognized for what they are, and not concealed by the ponderous "Latinity" of official English.—W. T. REEVE, 8 Langham Place, Barrack Road, Northampton.

Base "Basic"

BASIC ENGLISH is neither an adequate substitute for, nor a sound improvement on, good old English.

It has as much future as a lump of ice.—P. S. SHAW, 13B Thathamuthiappen Street, Madras, S. India.

Pay As You Go In

DURING THE COURSE of my work as a provincial newspaper reporter I am constantly hearing clergymen complain that "odd" coins — often a farthing or a button — find their way into the collecting bag at church.

The secrecy of the collection is to blame. Why not banish hypocrisy and install the cinema or theatre box office system?

I daresay the half-crown and one-and-ninepenny pews would be filled before the sixpennies. — J. D. HORRIDGE, 2 Temple Lane, Silver End, Witham, Essex.

Film About Births

THE FILM, *Birth of a Baby*, should be banned. It serves no useful purpose. It is calculated to influence girls from marrying and having children and provides men who hang around street corners with material for questionable jokes. — S. L. F., Newport, Mon. (Name and address enclosed.)

★ *LETTERS intended for this feature should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.*

THIS WEEK'S COVER

WHILE house hunting along the coast, E. Ratcliff stumbled upon these two very salty gentlemen painting their own sign for the holiday season. He decided to perpetuate the old salts in oils. The result was another "John Bull" cover. A hardworking Mancunian artist, Ratcliff went to London, made good illustrating for magazines, joined the R.A.F. and served in Burma before getting his demob suit. He is now living in digs until a house or a castle materializes.

JOHN BULL QUIZ

PROVERBS

What are the English equivalents of these foreign proverbs? (1) "Pass me the rhubarb and I will pass you the sauce." (2) "The apple falls not far from the tree." (3) "Four eyes are worth more than two." (4) "He who goes to bed with dogs gets up with fleas." (5) "One must lie according to one's blanket."

NAMESAKES

What, if any, was the relationship between Joseph, Austen and Neville Chamberlain? (2) Can you differentiate between Fred Archer and William Archer? (3) Which of these *isn't* a Marx Brother: Harpo, Chico, Zeppo, Karl and Groucho? (4) George Eliot and T. S. Eliot are both famous for their writings; which is which? (5) Matthew Arnold is sometimes confused with his father, Thomas Arnold; what did each do?

FLAGS

(1) Which country's flag has a red ground with a white cross in the middle? (2) What does a yellow flag flying from a ship indicate? (3) Which are flag officers in the Navy, and why? (4) What is in the upper corner of the red flag of the U.S.S.R.? (5) "Union Jack" is really a nickname; what is the flag's real name?

TIME

(1) How many times a day would you hear eight bells struck on board a ship? (2) What time is it in New York when it is six o'clock G.M.T.? (3) In which of Shakespeare's plays does mention of a clock appear when, in fact, clocks had not been invented at the time of the action of the play? (4) What do we call the art of measuring time or making clocks? (5) At which stroke of Big Ben and at which of the Greenwich pips is it exactly the time indicated?

PAINTING

(1) Which French painter is noted for his paintings of the ballet? (2) Whom did Ruskin accuse of "flinging a pot of paint in the public's face"? (3) Which of these painters are still alive: Picasso, Bonnat, Matisse, Renoir? (4) Who painted the "Rokeby Venus"? (5) Which is the most famous smile on canvas?

(*Answers on page 22*)

A slight thud behind him made Johnson turn round. . . . Digger had begun to roll a cigarette

BILLHOOK

by JOHN LUKENS

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD SEARLE

It was clearly an accident that killed the woodsman. And yet there was something about the billhook that didn't add up

DIGGER LEANED THE HANDLE of his axe against a tree and rolled a cigarette of black tobacco. "Newman can do three things," he said. "He'll gid ye a clout on the head, he can steal, and he can cry." He drew at his cigarette for a moment, then spat noiselessly. "I don't like the little bastard."

Johnson smiled. The rather aloof smile of one who was not of these wood folk, who had come to work in the forest for his own interest when the war ended.

"Strange that he should be married to such a lovely woman," Johnson said, thinking pleasantly of Lily Newman. Digger said nothing. He was staring down the lines of planted trees at the slight figure of Newman some fifty yards from them. There was something disturbing in the hard line of that heavy stubbled chin and set mouth. Johnson shivered suddenly, turned away and fumbled for his cigarettes.

"It be chilly soon as ye stops cutting, eh?" Digger was watching him, half smiling. Johnson nodded, inwardly cursing the man. He had a trick of always seeming to know one's thoughts.

He was flesh and blood of the forest, Johnson thought. Part gipsy, part animal, part woodsman, combining in himself the wildness, the instinctive actions and the secretive manner of these three. Outwardly, a tall, lean-striding man with an almost piratical air about his face; tanned skin, thick eyebrows that curved up at the temples like moustache ends, brilliant, watchful dark eyes.

Johnson looked at his pocket watch. "Lunch time, Digger."

"Gid us a hand with this'n first," Digger said.

The two men were thinning out the trees in a twenty-year-old plantation of Scots fir and oak. The trees were closely planted and seldom fell of their own accord when cut. They lodged on the branches of those next to them and had to be pushed or levered under the butt to bring them down.

JOHNSON looked at the fir that Digger had cut. It was held at an angle of forty-five degrees to the ground by one middle branch of another tree. As he moved to help Digger, there was a sharp crack, a rushing like the beating of frenzied wings, and the thirty-foot tree hissed past him to the ground. A shower of fir needles and twigs followed its fall.

Johnson waited a moment, then looked up. The middle branch had snapped suddenly under its burden. He brushed the needles from his hair and said: "It would save a lot of time if they all came like that."

Digger grunted. "Ah, and 'twould save we heaving our guts out." He blew his nose deftly between thumb and forefinger. "It be a bad job cutting when they'm close as this."

They walked between the lines of trees, pulling on their jackets, stepping heavily over the sawn-off six-foot and nine-foot butts which would make pit props; twigs crackling, leaves rustling under their rubber boots. Newman straightened up as they approached. His thin hands were scratched and pricked with dots of blood.

"Bloody muck," he muttered, scowling at the thicket of thorn that he was clearing at the edge of the plantation. He stuck his billhook lightly in the trunk of a tree and followed the other two.

His pale, lined face looked peeked and pinched by the cold northerly wind, and he was breathing heavily. He had been a cook for fifteen years until the doctor told him to get out into the open air. He suffered from a bad stomach, ulcers of the mouth, the perpetual worry of having too little money and an attractive wife much younger than himself,

and from the strain of being so sorry for himself that no one else was.

Digger kicked the heavier logs from the fire outside the plantation, disclosing the red heart of ash for toasting. They drank warm tea from their bottles and ate without talking for a while.

The wind swung a little; bitter wood smoke stung Johnson's eyes and he moved to the other side of the fire. Jays screeched in a nearby wood, were answered hollowly by a disturbed owl; the circular saw at the sawmill a mile away whined and droned monotonously; the wind sighed through the tops of the trees.

The sounds were familiar to the three men, so that there seemed only silence round them. And because their minds were not at rest, the silence became oppressive.

Eventually, Digger wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, drank noisily from his bottle and rolled a cigarette.

"Be ye coming in tomorrow morning, Johnson?"

Johnson shook his head. Saturday was a half-day, and he could afford to lose that much pay each week. Before the war, he had been a journalist. When he came out of the Service, finding himself tired of town life, he had taken lodgings in the forest. He worked for the Forestry Commission by day and wrote in the evenings and at weekends.

"P'rhaps us'll manage all right without ye," Digger said.

Johnson glanced at him in sudden fury. "We weren't all born in the forest," he snapped.

"That be true. And I s'pose the likes of we wouldn't make no show at that clerking stuff you do's, would us?"

Johnson shrugged. The self-possession of the man, his quiet strength, infuriated him. Digger had never moved from his forest holding all his life, he could neither read nor write, and it was as though he knew instinctively that the word "clerking" stung Johnson's vanity as a writer.

THEY left the fire and walked back to the plantation, Johnson a little way behind the other two. It seemed to him that there was something pitiful in the slight figure of Newman against the tall woodsman, who rose a clear head and shoulders above him.

Johnson could feel the power of the forest moving unseen around them; the inexorable law of the strong and the cunning that governed the people who lived in it as certainly as the birds and animals that ate, slept and were hunted among its silent depths.

For one moment Johnson felt that he, too, was ruled by its immutable force. Then he smiled to himself. His was the role of impartial observer, he thought; interested, but detached from the manner and circumstances of those who lived around him.

At twelve o'clock on Saturday morning, when she returned from her shopping, his landlady told him that there had been an accident. Johnson stood very still, staring at her. Then he grabbed his coat and hurried out of the house.

He cycled swiftly through the village towards the plantation. There was a sickening emptiness in his stomach as he leaned his bicycle against a stump and walked between the trees to where they had been cutting the day before.

Nothing looked different. The cut poles lay mutely on the wet carpet of the plantation where the branches had been trimmed off, white wood gleamed stickily against brown bark. The silence almost frightened him.

It had happened three hours before. The local officers of the Forestry Commission and the village policeman had been and gone. And with them, the still, broken figure.

Johnson moved tensely, as though, instinctively, he expected to find the familiar shades of brown and green shattered suddenly by a splotch of red. But he saw no blood.

There would be an inquest, he thought. All sorts of mud would be stirred up. He ought to see Lily Newman as soon as possible. Johnson walked back to his bicycle, lighting a cigarette with unsteady fingers.

Out of the corner of his eye, he caught sight of Newman's billhook stuck in a tree where the little man had always left it overnight and during the day when he was not working. Johnson stopped and stood looking at the billhook for more than a minute. Then he shrugged, puzzled, and walked on.

It was dusk when he knocked at the door of the Newmans' cottage. Lily Newman opened the door and looked at him strangely for a moment. Her face was pale, without make-up, but her eyes were clear.

"Come in," she said quietly. Johnson closed the front door and followed her into the living-room. She had not been pleased to see him, he thought.

He was momentarily surprised to see Digger standing stiffly by the curtained window. Then he wanted to smile. It was the first time he had seen Digger not at ease. Almost, he could feel sorry for him. It could not be pleasant, he thought, to face the widow of the man for whose death one was indirectly responsible. Digger was not to know that Lily Newman had grown to hate her husband. Johnson hoped fervently that no one had known that but himself.

"I must be going now, ma'am," Digger murmured.

"It was kind of you to call," Lily said.

Digger moved to the door, then turned. "If there be's some'at I can do, I'll be glad to, ma'am, that I will."

The woodsman went out, and Johnson stared after him. There had been a quiet sincerity behind the rough words that surprised him.

"I'll be back in a few minutes, Lily," he whispered.

MRS. NEWMAN said nothing. She stood in front of the fire, staring down into the flames, as though she had not heard him. Johnson frowned, disconcerted by the strangeness of her manner. He had thought that she was shocked by Newman's death, not because he had been her husband but because of its suddenness. Now he was not sure; he did not know what was in her mind.

The thought stung his vanity, his town-bred conceit that these were simple folk. Lily had been so readily impressed by his fluent speech, his experienced manner. Perhaps she really was under stress; it was an unpleasant business.

Digger made no comment as Johnson caught up with him in the lane. Night had come while they were in the cottage, and there was no moon. They walked in silence for a long way. Johnson could not see the trees on either side of the narrow lane, but he could sense their giant branches like clutching fingers poised above him.

The rhythmic crunch of Digger's boots on the gravel surface, the man's silence, got on his nerves.

He asked suddenly: "How did it happen?" The sound of his own voice in the darkness startled him.

"Tree fell acrost his neck," Digger said. "Snapped it, clean as a bird's. Poor little devil weren't strong." He became obstinately silent again. Johnson felt his temper rising.

"You don't seem very upset about it!"

Digger stopped, stood very still. Johnson could feel the other's eyes on him, and held his breath.

"Johnson," Digger said slowly, "ye've got an adder's tongue and a bloody prying nose. I'll bust he for ye one day!"

"No need to take offence, Digger," Johnson said hurriedly. "I couldn't help feeling sorry for the little blighter."

Digger grunted and walked on. Johnson relaxed and followed him. After a while he said: "How did he come to be under the tree?"

"Ye mind how Newman'd bide at the fire first thing of a morning?" Digger said.

"Yes. Often for half an hour or more."

"Well, I left he there and started in cutting. I trimmed out a couple, but the next'n lodged tight. So I got the lever under she, but her still bid up there, and I stopped for a smoke." Digger paused for a moment. Then he said: "I see'd Newman leaving the fire and he called out, 'Any cones off that'n, Digger?' he says."

JOHNSON remembered how Newman would come behind them sometimes to pick up fir cones as they cut the trees. They were worth £1 a bushel this year.

"He come under the tree," Digger went on, "and started in picking up a few that'd fell there. Then her breaks free of a sudden—like that'n us had yesterday—and hit he full acrost the neck afore he could move. . . ."

There was a pause.

Then Johnson said: "There'll be an inquest, of course."

At the inquest, a verdict of death by misadventure was returned. In passing, the coroner expressed surprise that Newman, knowing the danger, should have gone under the tree and not waited until it was on the ground.

The village ran wild with excited talk for the next fortnight. Then the affair died down and Johnson felt that he could relax. Nonetheless, he thought, it would be wise not to see Lily Newman again for a while.

Three months after Newman's death,

Continued on page 21

THE HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

Demon Worry

LET'S talk about our old friend worry. It's becoming a modern disease. More people worry than ever before. And as a result they achieve less than ever before.

For worry is the biggest brake on getting things done that there ever was. You can't both worry and work. Worry takes too much time and too much mental energy.

If you want to spend your time and your energy worrying, go ahead. But you won't get much else done while you're doing it!

People tell me sometimes that they're the "worrying type." I don't believe in such types. People worry because they doubt their own powers; they're uncertain of themselves, unsure of their ability to solve their problems, timid about their efforts.

Those who know what they want and go right after it don't do much worrying. They haven't time.

There's another thing, too. Your worrier is always bothering about tomorrow. He'd be better occupied filling today with so much activity that he is *forced* to let tomorrow look largely after itself.

And there is nothing more certain than this: if you don't enjoy today you certainly won't enjoy tomorrow.

You can really only worry about two things. You can worry about what has been, or you can worry about what you think is going to be.

A churchman summed it all up long ago when he said: "If you cannot go backward and change what has been, you can go forward and change what is."

There's really nothing more to add, is there?

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

'What does the green cross mean, Mummy?'

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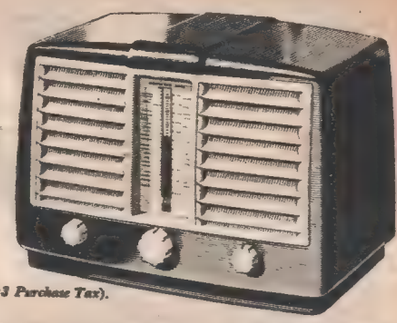

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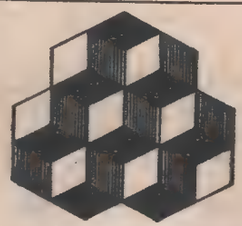

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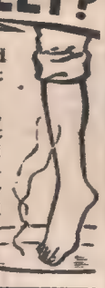

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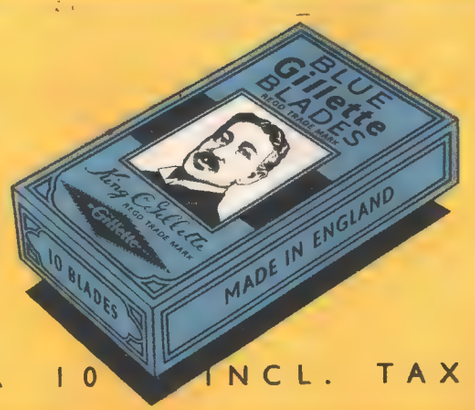


BLUE GILLETTE BLADES 2/6 FOR 10 INCL. TAX

Continued from page 18

Digger and Johnson finished thinning out in the plantation. Winter was changing to spring, the forest breaking rich with colour.

"We could clear this before we move," Johnson said one morning, as they reached a thicket of thorn and bramble at the end of the plantation. Digger nodded. They worked steadily, Johnson using a riphook, Digger cutting the thicker shoots with a billhook.

"We'll finish it after lunch." Johnson straightened up, wiping the sweat from his face. A slight thud behind him made him look round.

Digger had stuck his billhook in the trunk of a tree. Johnson's eyes caught the movement as the woodsman took his hand from the handle and began to roll a cigarette.

Johnson stood motionless, staring at the billhook.

"*So you did do it, Digger!*" he said, softly.

Digger looked up sharply. A shadow seemed to cross his face. Then, without taking his eyes from Johnson, he ran his tongue along the cigarette paper.

"I knew there was something odd about Newman's hook when I saw it on the morning he was killed. Something was different."

Johnson paused, watching the woodsman's expression. Beyond a slight tautness of the lips, it showed no emotion.

"A man always sticks a hook in a tree at the height most natural to him. Roughly about eye level, Digger. And Newman's hook that morning was stuck in the tree nearly six feet from the ground . . . at the same level as yours is now. Yet Newman was a good foot shorter than you. . . ."

DIGGER lit his cigarette, dark eyes still watching Johnson's face above the powerful hands shielding the match flame.

"You said Newman came straight from the fire to pick up cones after you had cut that tree. But he didn't. He was working, using his billhook. You came up behind him as he was bending down and hit him across the back of the neck, probably with one of these six-foot butts. Easily done by someone of your strength.

"Then you stuck his billhook in the nearest tree to bear out your story, and carried his dead body to where it was found. You said at the inquest that you had lifted the fallen tree off it before going for help. My God, it was smoothly done, Digger! But why?"

The woodsman said nothing. For an instant there was a look of near agony in his eyes. Then it was gone. The silence about them seemed absolute. Johnson became uneasy; no bird sang, even the tops of the trees were still, as though breathless, waiting. Then:

"Ye've got an adder's tongue, Johnson," Digger said quietly. "And no proof. Do ye mind what I tells ye once about your nose?"

He threw away his cigarette and walked deliberately towards Johnson, flexing and unflexing his fingers.

Johnson glanced swiftly round him. They were alone together in the heart of the forest, the forest with its own inexorable laws. He backed away, sweat coming out on his forehead.

Digger hit him once, hard on the nose, and Johnson went sprawling to the ground. He became aware of nothing but the woodsman's dark eyes blazing down at him, crazily framed by moving branches and spinning sunlit sky.

"Do ye bide away from Lil Newman," Digger cried out savagely, "or I'll break your neck for ye, too!"

Johnson could only stare up at him stupidly, blood trickling down his face. . . .

THE CHURCH AND BROKEN MARRIAGES

by the Rev. W. E. PURCELL

Many divorcees resent the Church's refusal to remarry them. How can this deadlock be broken?

FRED'S WAS A HIGH-SPEED wartime marriage. It didn't survive the peace, and ended in divorce. Now, two years later, Fred wants to marry another girl. This time everything seems likely to go well. Everyone is happy about it. But an unforeseen difficulty has arisen.

It is this: Fred's first marriage was in a church. He expected the second one to be, too. What is more, he wanted it that way, and his girl, having sincere convictions on the matter, wanted it very much. Both are surprised, disappointed, hurt and indignant to have their application turned down.

Why was it turned down? Fred, and a good many like him today, want the answer. They object to the suggestion of wrong which seems to be conveyed by the Church's reluctance — just because one of the couple concerned has been through the divorce court.

All in all, Fred has several big questions to ask. Here they are, with my answers:

Haven't people a right to be married where they wish?

Not exactly. All baptised persons —which means most citizens—have a right to be married in any one of the following places: in a registrar's office, in the place of worship of their particular denomination, or in a church of the Church of England.

But, by the Matrimonial Clauses Act of 1937, a clergyman cannot be compelled to remarry anyone who has been divorced, and whose ex-husband or wife is still living.

Parson's Duty

Does the parson decide merely on his own personal convictions?

No. He is generally under an obligation to stand by the ruling of the organization to which he belongs. That ruling today, arrived at after careful consideration and anxious thought, is for the most part against the remarriage of divorced people in church.

Is that new, or was it always so?

The question did not arise in past times with anything like the same intensity because divorce has never before in our history either been on such a scale or available for such a number of reasons.

Less than a hundred years ago there were not more than sixty in a year. Now there are something like forty thousand cases waiting to be dealt with.

Exactly why are some of the Churches against remarrying divorced people?

Briefly, because they hold the view that marriage, whether in church or registrar's office, is an unbreakable partnership. The words in the wedding service, "till death us do part," either mean what they say, or they don't.

If they don't, then there is no need to bother about them—and the idea of marriage as something permanent and lasting has gone. If they do, then obviously they can't logically be said again when both husband and wife are still living.

But people don't need logic in situations like this, often caused through no fault of their own: they need sympathy and help.

Of course they do. The fact is being increasingly recognized. The whole point of marriage guidance centres and other facilities which are being created to help couples in difficulty is that sympathy and help should be given *before* the marriage is broken up.

More and easier divorce is not now regarded as the best solution. So many marriages have been saved recently by the matrimonial "first-aid" of guidance centres that the emphasis is today more and more upon the importance of skilled advice before it is too late, and upon the value of training people for marriage long before they arrive at the stage of saying "I will."

The Church is deeply in favour of both measures, and is taking active steps to carry them out.

The Bishop of London has just said: "We must do our utmost to reconcile those whose homes have been broken. Further than that, we must find opportunities for so training people for marriage that their homes are not likely to be broken."

So, because the Church is against divorce, it doesn't like remarrying people?

There is more to it than that. The Church certainly deplores today's divorce landslide. But its attitude springs from other considerations as well. The main ones boil down in practice to this: that if people want the Church to marry them, then they should be ready to accept marriage as a permanent relationship.

But many people don't feel themselves honestly able to accept that view.

Agreed. These take the line that in modern life marriage is better regarded as a purely private compact, to be terminated when either party has had enough. From this point of view, a marriage is better ended if its continuance means prolonged unhappiness.

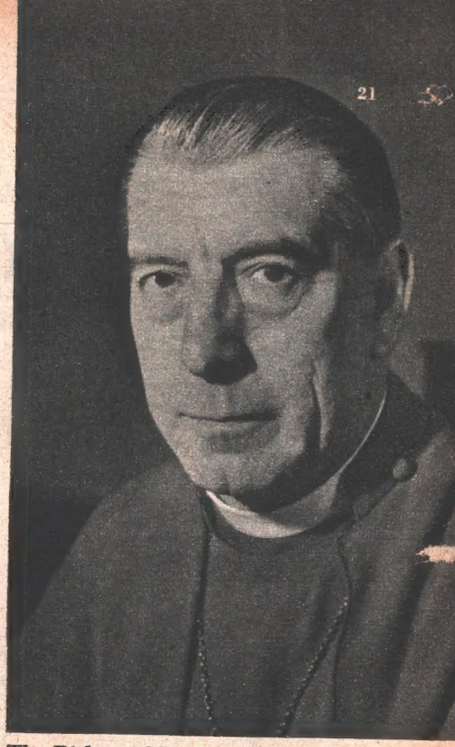
"The Done Thing"

Is there a solution?

The time has come for people to say what they mean and mean what they say about marriage—before marriage. The assumption that everyone means what the Church, or even what the law, means can no longer safely be made.

But convention and habit still stand in the way. A first step in the direction of a radical clearing up of the tangle would be to abandon the convention of a "white wedding" in church as the "done thing." As it is, many girls give far more attention to the outward show of the ceremony than to the real meaning behind it.

Britain could well follow the procedure of some European countries by having one "utility" form of marriage for all. This civil ceremony—marriage by the State—can be followed by a religious ceremony in their own Church, if the couple wish.



The Bishop of London, Dr. J. W. C. Wand, favours training for marriage

The advantage would be that those who went on to the Church would generally be those who understood the implications of doing so and intended seriously to abide by the view of marriage as there presented to them.

How is it [asks Fred] *that no one put all this to me when I came to be married the first time?*

Perhaps because getting married is so very easy in Britain today. It is also, incidentally, very cheap.

No Tests to Pass

Provided the man and girl are each over twenty-one, or have parents' or guardians' permission, have had their banns called in a church or posted up in a registrar's office, are not within the prohibited degrees of blood relationship and can produce something under a pound between them, then they can go right ahead into a relationship which will inevitably either last a lifetime or end in the divorce court.

No one can take a car on the road without proving ability to drive. Anyone can take a husband or wife into life's tricky highway without having to show even the slightest sign of knowledge of what is really involved: physically, emotionally, financially.

A system which once worked well in the days of firmer parental guidance is less effective in today's changed conditions. Less law and more humanity is the need.

The Church, which has so large a hand in marrying people, would be more helpfully employed in giving good advice before, rather than in taking an upstage attitude after it is too late.

Present developments show that the Church is fully aware of this need, and is active in trying to meet it, while determined not to abandon its basic convictions on the nature of marriage.

Let's hope, Fred, that those who come after you will find it easier than you did to get, *before marriage*, the skilled and sympathetic advice so many badly need—even if they don't have to produce, before they say "I will," a certificate of having attended a marriage advice bureau first.

Don't miss the HOLIDAY EXPRESS!

ALREADY thirty-two readers have secured Free *Bullets* Holidays in Switzerland and 182 Free Weeks at the Seaside have also been won. Now, this week, comes your one last opportunity to celebrate a big cash success with an unforgettable Free Holiday.

If you want to win two places on that long prize train, make sure you post your efforts by Tuesday, August 5. And look out for 100 *Bullets* cheques in next week's increased Cash Offer!

"BULLETS" RESULT 1,585

FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus Swiss Holiday: N. J. Bowen, 18 Colepits Wood Road, Eltham, S.E.9. **Let's Be Cheerful And Blunt Edge Of "Cuts"!**

SECOND PRIZE, £25 plus Seaside Holiday: W. Richards, 11 Rufford Avenue, Hyde: **Englishman's Castle—Each, Would "Fortify" Socialism.**

THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Seaside Holiday: S. Arthur, Berrywood Off-licence, Marchwood Road, Millbrook: **Bills—Bills—Bills—So Pardon My "Billingsgate"!**

THREE PRIZES of £5 plus Seaside Holiday: F. H. Garrett, 109 Corndon Crescent, Harlescott, Shrewsbury: **Drive For Prosperity — Needs "Iron," Not "Spoon."** A. Higgins, "The Tufts," Bream: **Free From Controls—Profiteers "Would Have Us."** G. Richmond, 25 Temple Street, Brighton: **Free From Interference — Russia — But Interferes Freely!**

SIX PRIZES of £2 10s.: E. T. Cook, 14 South View, Alnmouth: **Gave Missionary A Start—Savage's "About This Atom—."** A. Davidson, 47 Glenurquhart Road, Inverness. **On The Holiday Train—Wife's Finger *Wagged* Goodbye!** E. Destoni, c/o Mrs. Wilson, 46 Haddon Avenue, Orrell Park, Liverpool: **Bond Of Brotherhood—Two Henpecks Sharing Clothes-line!** L. Hillman, 17 Fegg Hayes Road, Chell Green, nr. Tunstall: **Old And Feeble—Banisters, So Grandpa Walks!** Mrs. D. Logram, 20 Moore Street, Off Willenhall Road, Wolverhampton: **When Dad Took A Dip—At Dunkirk, *Nobody* Smiled.** F. Wheeler, 15 Collingwood Road, Shanklin: **Owned By The Nation — Missus, And Mother-in-law — Henpeck!**

Holidays arranged by Cook's. Cheques, 50 Season Tickets and 1,500 other Awards have been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated August 23, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding.

How to make a *Bullet*

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet*.

Final Holiday Offer

FIRST PRIZE
£250
and 10-day SWISS HOLIDAY FOR TWO
£25 — £10
3 of £5
5 cash prizes above, each plus
SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO
Holiday Cheques **£2.10**
SEASON TICKETS
50
1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

THE GERMAN PROBLEM
WAR ON WANT
TO CLOSE THE GAP
PLEASE, MR. MOLOTOV
PATIENT PEOPLE
WHEN WE GET CRACKING
WORTH HAVING
ON MATRIMONY'S SEA
IN THE WRONG
MAN WHO CAN TALK
OVERLOOKED
HOLIDAY SOUVENIR
WOLF AT THE DOOR
THERE'S MONEY IN IT, SO
MIGHT EXPLODE
DEVIL OF A JOB
DAD'S BET
WHILE THE GOING'S GOOD
STUNG INTO ACTION
HORRIBLE TO THINK ABOUT

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions.

THANKS TO THE.....
WAITING TO BE.....
TESTED THE.....
WHY.....WAS LATE
HOW SHE.....
WE'RE VERY.....BUT

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,589 (or XWORD 541), "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

INCREASED OFFER for CROSSWORDS!

Waiting to be won in this week's Crossword—£100 in First Prize cash, £25 cash for Runners-up and additional awards value £25! Bank Holiday gives you one extra day to win in this week's increased Prize Offer, but make sure you post your square below by TUESDAY, August 5.

£100 CASH AND HOLIDAY TOUR WON OUTRIGHT XWORD 537

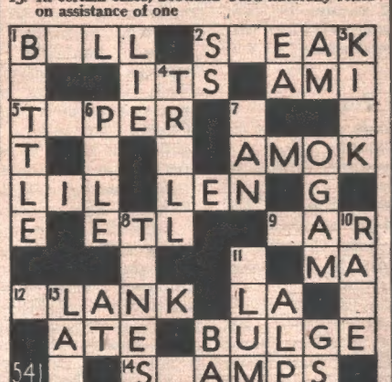
WINNING WORDS: ACROSS: 1, Child. 3, Soft. 4, Peace. 7, Jawed. 8, Pen. 10, Time. 13, Studied. DOWN: 1, Chaps. 2, Lies. 3, Scena or Scene. 5, Chances. 6, Let. 9, Cobs. 11, Dad. 12, Fug.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: H. H. Simpson, 72 Haigh Lane, Chadderton, Oldham. In addition, winner awarded 850-mile Coach Tour. Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 34 entrants. £25 Holiday Cash shared amongst 32 prize-winners submitting eight or more 3d. entries for this Contest.

XWORD 541

Across Clues
1. Keep your eye on it or you may find yourself out
2. Likely to be tender after being beaten
5. Is pretty easily put out when lit up
9. Delivery of goods sent by rail could be made faster by
12. It's easy to draw this
14. Designs of these usually come off pretty well

Down Clues
1. It's pleasant for most ex-Servicemen to meet each other and talk over one
3. Player's can cause hostile shouts from football crowd
4. You find singers who seem temperamentally unable to do this
6. To do this when bullied may well show weakness
7. Horse is soon attached to
8. These can be of a piercing kind
10. One sometimes comes to a sudden end
11. There's bound to be bitterness in
13. In certain cases, Scotland Yard naturally relies on assistance of one



541

HOW TO ENTER THIS COUPON

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest, but extra Awards value £25 amongst prize-winners submitting eight or more 3d. entries. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

For this one Square send 6d. (P.O. or stamps), covering entry-fee and dispatch of *Crossword Gazette* dated August 16 for which enclose addressed *Bulletin and Gazette* Label without affixing stamp. If no *Gazette* required, your 6d. also covers second set of Answers on plain paper. Pencilled entries barred.

I enclose 6d. P.O. Bank Holiday Closing Postmark.

No.....TUES., AUG. 5

Signed..... **541**

Address.....

.....

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin and Gazette* dated Aug. 16 offering **100 BIG CHEQUES**

402

NAME .....

ADDRESS ... ...

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EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

Bank Holiday Closing Postmark.

1,589 TUES., AUG. 5

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

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WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems should be sent to "Humanist," at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Custody of a Child

"FOUR TIMES IN as many years, my wife has deserted me. On the last occasion she left our eight-month-old baby with me. My mother is looking after us in her house. Can my wife claim the baby? And am I obliged to support her?"

▶▶ If your wife left you without just cause you are under no obligation to maintain her. She cannot take the baby from your custody except by court order. If she applies for this, the court will decide what is best for the baby.

Collecting for Charity

"IS IT TRUE that only one-tenth of any charitable collection need, by law, be handed over to the charity for which it was collected?"

▶▶ No. The whole of the proceeds (less expenses) should be handed over to the charity. If expenses are considered too high for the amount received the Charity Commissioners may cause investigations to be made.

Dentist's Fees

"LAST WINTER MY DENTIST drew out my teeth and made an artificial set for which the price agreed was £12. The dentures did not fit at all, although I have been back to him many times. They are constantly falling out when I eat. I paid £5 at first but refuse to pay the balance until I am satisfied. What do you advise?"

▶▶ You are not obliged to pay for the dentures unless they fit satisfactorily. In the circumstances it may be advisable to go to another dentist.

Maintenance of Daughter

"MY DAUGHTER'S HUSBAND has left her and his present whereabouts is unknown. My daughter has had to give up work through illness, and for several weeks she has received assistance for herself and child from the County Welfare Department. Now I am informed that I am liable to contribute towards their support, and have been told to supply details of my income, etc. Will you let me know how I stand?"

▶▶ You can be compelled to contribute towards the cost of your daughter's and grandchild's maintenance if your daughter is unable to provide it. The amount you have to pay depends upon your financial position. You should offer what you can reasonably afford to pay each week.

Sub-letting to Son

"MY WIFE, ONE CHILD and I have recently come to live with my widowed mother, bringing some of our furniture with us. The landlady says she can either raise the rent or make us quit the house. Does the fact that we have furniture mean that mother is sub-letting? I shall be grateful if you can explain our legal position."

▶▶ If you pay rent for separate unfurnished rooms you can be considered sub-tenants to your mother; but if you all live together you are not. The landlady could apply to court for possession of unfurnished rooms if they were sub-let contrary to a tenancy agreement prohibiting sub-letting.

Family Allowances

"CAN FAMILY ALLOWANCES only be collected on Tuesdays? The postmaster here insists that it is so, but Tuesday happens to be extremely inconvenient for me. Can you give me any information about the subject?"

▶▶ Tuesday is the normal day for paying family allowances, but if it is not possible for you to attend on that day the money can be collected on any day after the date on which payment is due.

Change of Executors

"YEARS AGO I MADE A WILL and appointed my sister and brother-in-law as executors. They are now both aged and very ill. Can I appoint my two sons as executors in their place without consulting a solicitor?"

▶▶ You may appoint fresh executors by adding a codicil to this effect. It is not essential to go to a solicitor. The codicil must be signed and dated in the presence of two witnesses who will also sign.

Pension Contributions

"I AM THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS of age and pay voluntary contributions for pension. Will you please inform me how many stamps per year are necessary to keep me in benefit?"

▶▶ In order to maintain full title to benefits it is necessary to affix fifty stamps for each contribution year.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 16

PROVERBS. (1) One good turn deserves another. (2) Like father, like son. (3) Two heads are better than one. (4) You cannot touch pitch without being defiled. (5) Cut your coat according to your cloth.

NAMESAKES. (1) Joseph, father; Austen and Neville, stepbrothers. (2) Fred Archer was a famous jockey, William Archer was a critic, editor and dramatist. (3) Karl — the economist. (4) George Eliot (really a woman, Marian Evans) wrote novels (e.g. *Silas Marner*). T. S. Eliot writes poetry. (5) Matthew was the poet, Thomas the Headmaster of Rugby.

FLAGS. (1) Switzerland's. (2) Infectious disease, quarantine. (3) Admirals, Vice-Admirals and Rear-Admirals. They have the right to hoist a flag at the masthead of their ship, its position denoting their rank. (4) A yellow hammer and sickle, surmounted by a five-pointed star. (5) The Great Union. The popular name arose from the flag being flown on the jack staff of warships.

TIME. (1) Six times; at the end of each watch; at 4, 8, and 12 a.m. and p.m. (2) One o'clock—five hours back. (3) *Julius Caesar*. (4) Horology. (5) The first hour stroke of Big Ben; the last of the pips.

PAINTING. (1) Hilaire Germaine Edgar Degas. (2) James Whistler. (3) Two—Picasso and Matisse. (4) Velasquez. (5) That of the "Mona Lisa" (also known as "La Gioconda") by Leonardo da Vinci. Its enigmatic quality has been the subject of controversy for four hundred years.

Is this why you are constipated?

HEADACHY? Run down? Depressed? The trouble may well be traced to common constipation. But do you know the *cause* of this wretched complaint?

It's generally quite simple. Constipation most often arises through a shortage of bulk in our modern diet. Today's highly refined foods don't contain the bulk nature intended us to eat to keep the bowels in smooth-working order. Yet the intestinal muscles must have their quota of bulk to keep them active—to keep them doing their job efficiently. By eating Kellogg's All-Bran daily you add this all-important bulk to your diet.

Kellogg's All-Bran is a *natural* food that works on the intestinal muscles in the same way as fruit and vegetables, *but more surely, more thoroughly*. It brings about a normal, regular movement because it supplies the necessary bulk needed to stimulate sluggish muscles.

Eat delicious Kellogg's All-Bran daily and get your bowels working again in a *natural* way.

Have it for breakfast with milk; have it with stewed fruit, or sprinkle it over soups and stews. You'll soon be gloriously fit—full of the life and vitality that comes from perfect regularity.

CHEER UP GEORGE!
OH, I FEEL CHRONIC! HEADACHY, PLAYED OUT
BUT YOU HAVEN'T TRIED THIS MY LAD
YEAST-VITE!
OF COURSE! TAKE A COUPLE OF TABLETS NOW!
LATER
GOSH, GEORGE! YOU'RE A DEMON FOR WORK
YES, THANKS TO YEAST-VITE

Best for
HEADACHES, NEURALGIA SLEEPLESSNESS, RHEUMATIC PAINS, NERVE PAINS

"Yeastvite" quickly banishes your suffering, makes you feel better, brighter and fitter. Thousands combine to rely upon it and praise it! Get some yourself today!

YEAST-VITE
TONIC TABLETS 1/4 and 3/3

FUEL CRISIS

TOWARDS THE WAY OUT

PRODUCE MORE COAL—SAVE MORE GAS AND ELECTRICITY

ONLY the miners can produce coal and they are on the job. Gas and electricity come from coal and saving gas and electricity is something we can all do. By saving these we are saving coal and helping to build up stocks for the winter. We have only 5 months in which to do it.

That is the reason we ask for these economies. The starting point is the ban on the use of gas and electricity for room heating between now and October. This order faithfully carried out will take us well along the road to the domestic savings we need.

That's the way to save 2,500,000 tons by winter

Cut a quarter every day

We must save at least a quarter of the gas and electricity we used last summer. That means more cold meals; less hot water for washing and baths; ironing everything at one time and constantly thinking of fresh ways to save.

Can you find out from your meter card or from last year's bills how much you used last summer? Can you read a meter? Advice and help will be given in publicity of various kinds. If you have a slot meter put in only 3 coins for every 4 you put in last summer. Save all you can and then a good deal more.

Issued by the Ministry of Fuel and Power.

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By JAMES HADLEY CHASE

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Sunday Dispatch

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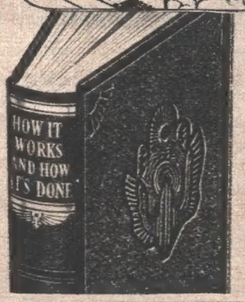

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Phyllis Calvert

agrees

"No other shampoo leaves your hair so glamorous yet so easy to manage"

Attractive Pose

No favourite of the silver screen could look lovelier, or more stylish, than the model posing so charmingly here. "I always use Drene shampoo," she says, "it makes my hair so much cleaner and gives it a new, glamorous sparkle." See for yourself how Drene removes all traces of unsightly dandruff from hair and scalp.

Romantic Role

Lovely Phyllis Calvert has given many really charming performances as a leading star of the British screen. And how glamorous she always looks, how beautifully groomed, from head to foot. Of course, like so many other stars, she knows how much she depends on her hair to put the finishing touch to her appearance! "Drene makes my hair look so glamorous," she says, "it brings out all the natural highlights." That's because Drene leaves no lime-film. See how it makes *your* hair bright and sparkling, too! *Buy the larger sizes and save money. Ask your chemist or hairdresser to-day.*

Exciting hair-do

Quick changes are called for as often in modelling as in acting for stage or screen. That's why this lovely cover-girl is a regular Drene user. "Drene shampoo is so quick and simple to use," she says, "and leaves my hair so manageable." You, too, will find Drene leaves your hair easy to set right after the shampoo.

Drene

THE SHAMPOO OF THE STARS